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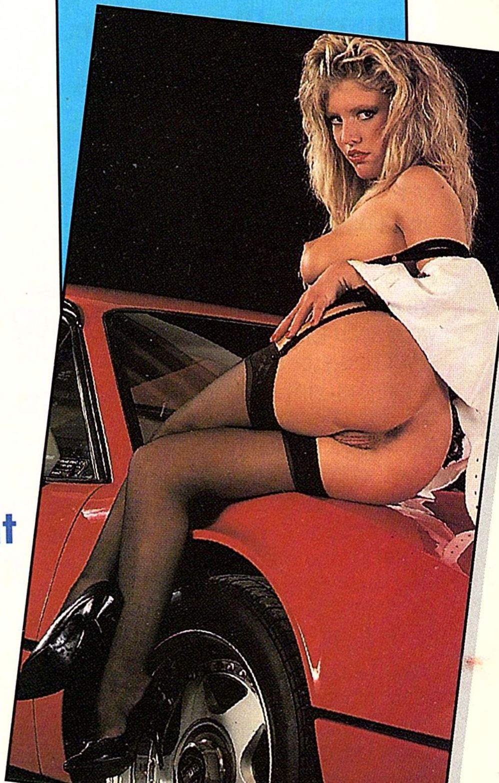

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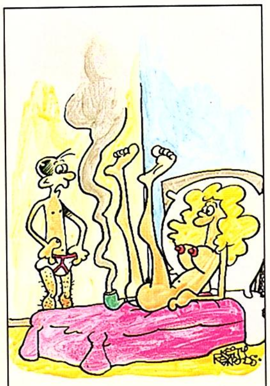
COVER PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES FREEMAN

She's had me writhing in ecstasy as she uses her magic tongue on my cock and balls. She's swallowed my come on many occasions, but we've never made love. I've come maddeningly close to slipping my cock in, but, she's always managed to stop me from slamming it up her. Once I thought I was going to make it but she'd already got me so excited that I was unable to stop myself from coming and sprayed jet after jet of my spunk all over her thighs, belly and pubes.

So, I console myself with the thought that I'm getting sucked off regularly by this great looking bird who just happens to have the most incredible collection of exotic underwear imaginable. For her it's purely sexual because I know she's happily married that I'm her bit on the side. She says, having a relationship with me has improved her marriage. So, I'm prepared for our "affair" to continue and I'll try to get her drunk enough to fuck me at this year's office party.
– M., London

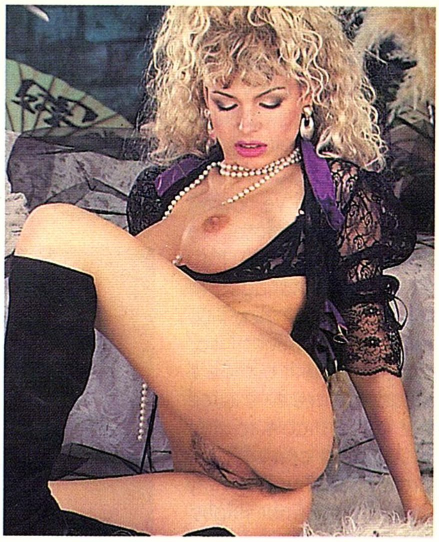


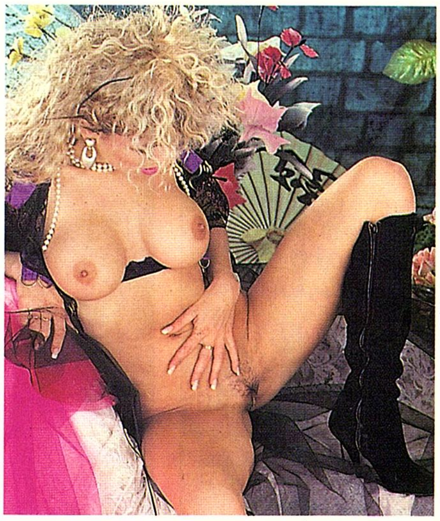
Do you always smoke afterwards?

An Explosion Within

Coming back from work last week, I decided to stop for a drink in my local wine bar. I ordered my drink and started talking to Jim, the barman. The place was filling up with locals and was getting noisier by the minute. Eventually, one of my friends,

Brandy





What ho! To take a long, deep draught of Brandy would be a wonderful thing. Wouldn't it? She's a special girl, and make no mistake. One who is guaranteed to please and tease you all with ease. Even the jaded sorts at the back who have drained their cup of lust down to the bitter dregs. A veritable pick-me-up is what we have on our hands. Or rather, what we'd like to pick up in our hands!

Photographed by DANIEL MAYOR

Sandy

Sandy's a newcomer to Knave and her first question as she sat naked in the make-up chair placed permanently by my desk was: "Do you write all the letters yourself?" I sighed deeply and smiled indulgently at her rapidly stiffening nipples and informed her that we didn't actually have the time to write them all, unlike others. "Besides," I told her, brandishing the morning's post in my hands, "we don't need to, given the mass of letters our readers send in!" "So what do you do all day?" asked Sandy, bashfully. "Well it's like this," I told her, "your shoot isn't until tomorrow, is it?" She nodded agreement, and I continued, "So, between now and then all I'll be doing is sitting here staring at you..."

Photographed by KLAUS COLDING

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through my pussy. I could feel my fanny juices pouring onto Paul's face. An orgasm was building up furiously, I edged it on by inserting a finger into my cunt. I could no longer control myself, everything exploded within me. I lay there exhausted but satisfied.

"Are you hard yet?" I enquired, "because if you are, I want that rod of yours deep inside my aching pussy." Before I could say anything else, Paul had turned me over and impaled me with his boner from behind. It was non-stop, I could hardly cope with the pumping, I was biting the pillow to muffle my screams of joy, I had three consecutive orgasms and still Paul was shafting me deeper and deeper. Eventually, he came within me. I though I had drunk all his sperm but it felt like there was gallons left. I licked him clean tasting my own juices intermingled with his spunk. Mmmm! Divine!

It wasn't until the following morning that I watched Paul toss himself off. He thought I had forgotten. The first thing I did when we woke up was to look under the duvet, Paul had a stonker! I ordered him to wank as I looked on. He did a beautiful job of it. I even took a couple of polaroids before he spunked all over my face. Needless to say I licked it all off.

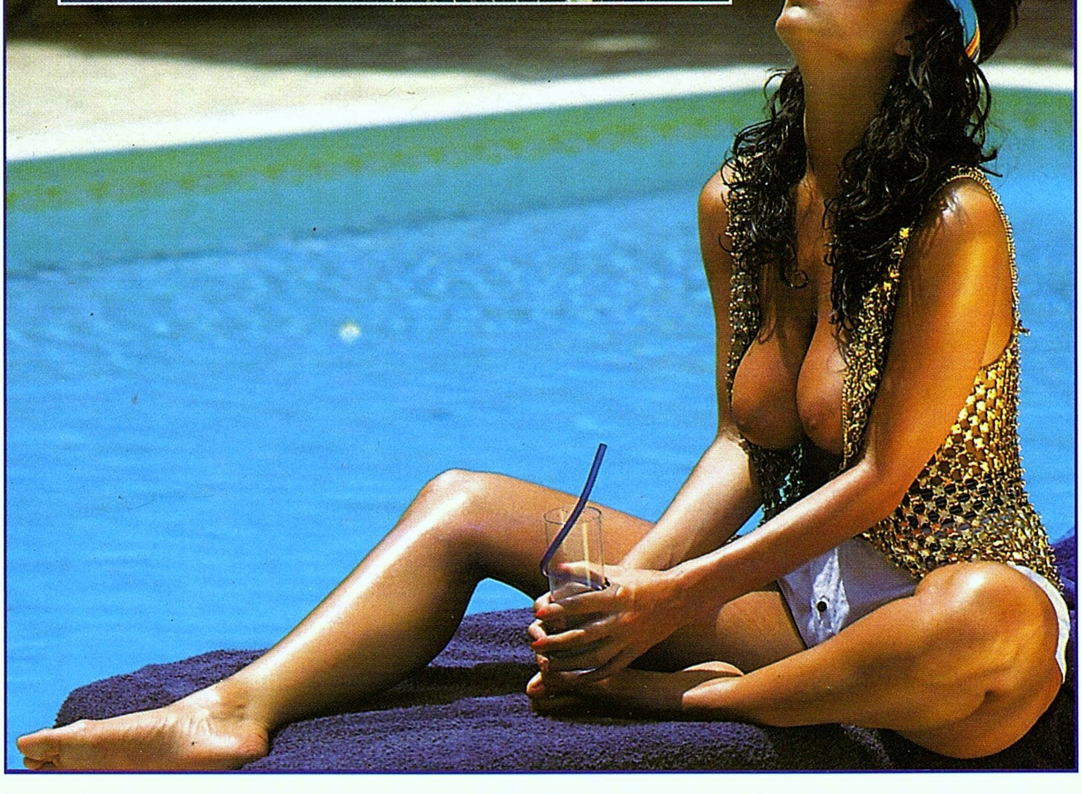
As the next day was Saturday, we decided to spend the whole weekend in bed fucking, sucking and licking each other senseless. Come Monday morning I was shagged out!
– N.W., London.

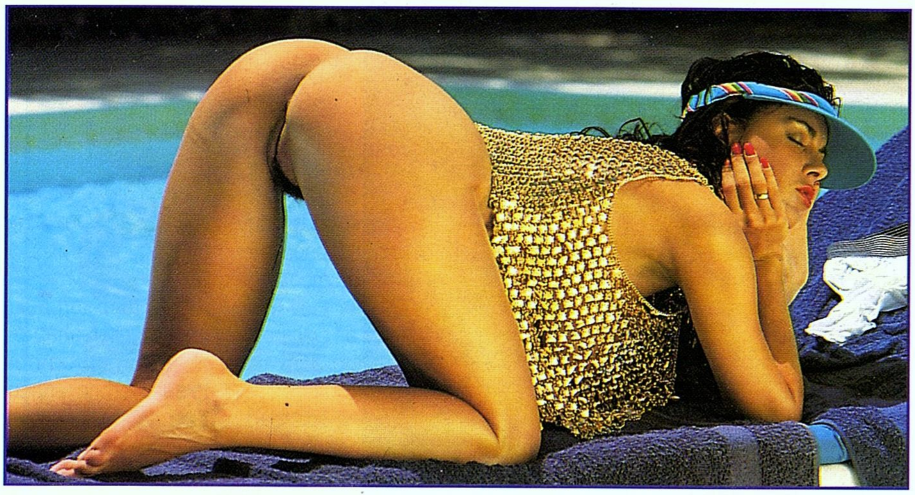
Thanks For Coming

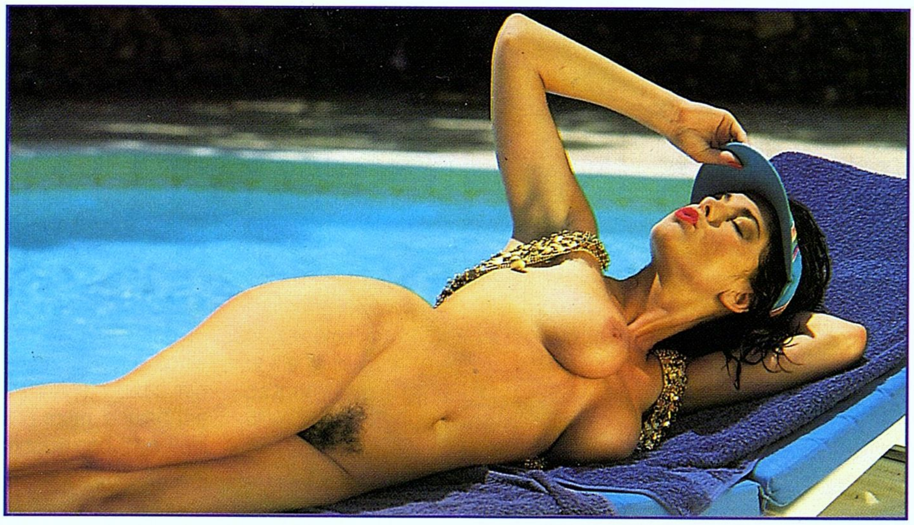
It's common to hear stories about milkmen or postmen being accosted on the doorstep by sex mad housewives in flimsy nighties. We've all heard them and we all take them with a pinch of salt. So how about a delivery story with a difference. This one is true!

Years ago, I used to work

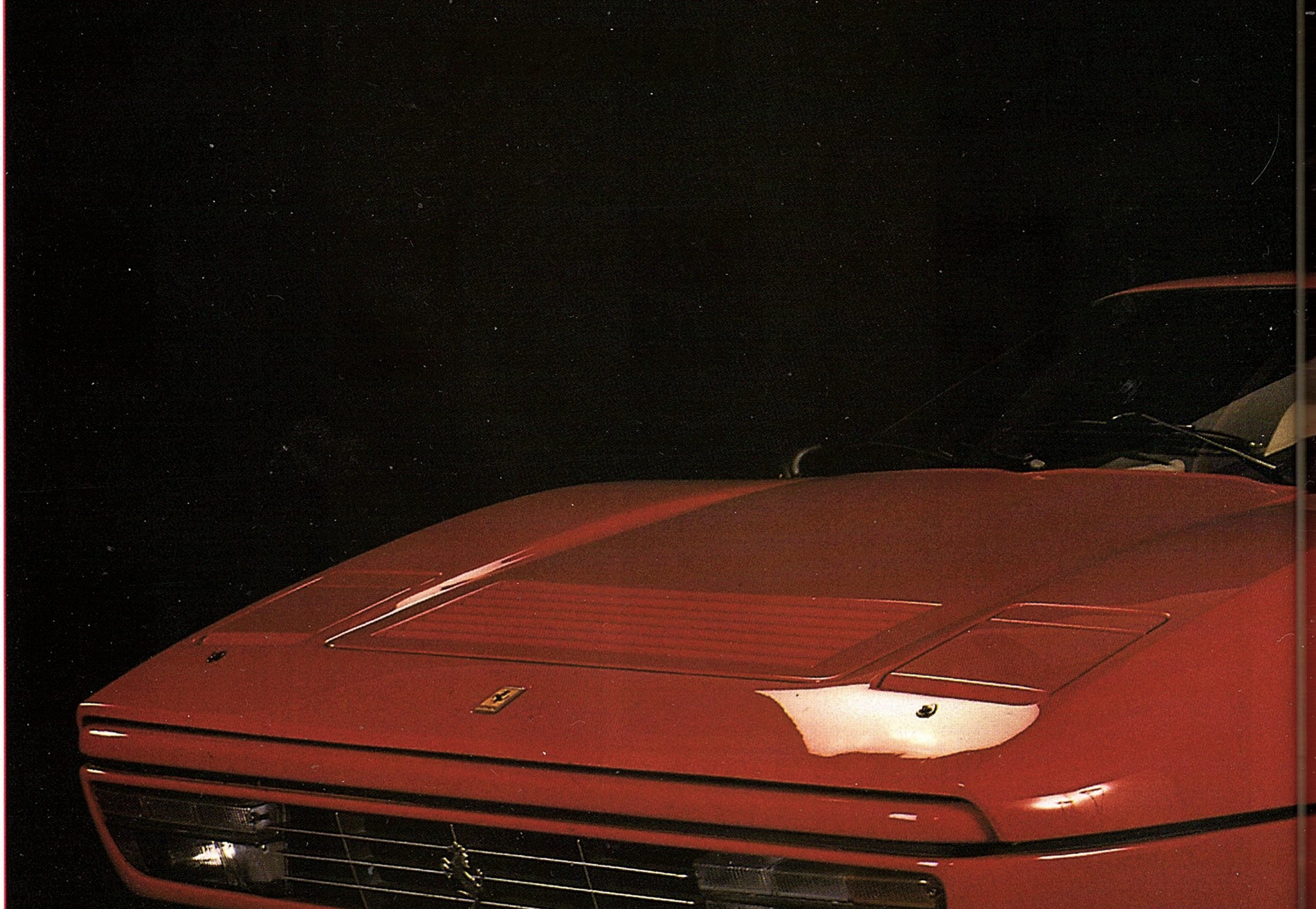
Denise





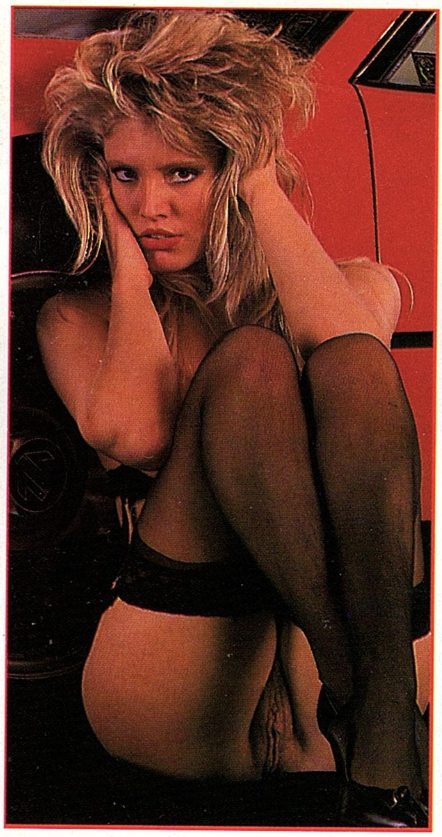


Those readers with astounding memories and the patience of Job may recall seeing Denise's first ever appearance in a men's magazine back in Knave Vol. 21 No. 5 when she was our amateur model that month. Hopefully, some of our readers have been able to bear with us that long! These days, Denise and her frighteningly tempting breasts holiday together where the sun shines and the beautiful people hang out. Yes, Sunny Rump nudist colony on the Isle Of Pap near Inverness. On a rare off day when the locals where disgusted to find the rain had stopped, Geoff managed to 'snatch' a 'phew' pictures of Denise in action. The spray visible in some of the shots is due to a printing error, and in no way reflects the inabilities of the editorial staff to control their ejaculatory functions.



Kathy

Photographed by GEOFF HOWES



Photographed by ULF STJERNBO

Victoria

Photographed by FLUFF FREEMAN

Victoria

KNAVE

"I don't know what it is, but I love it!" cried Victoria, as photographer/pornographer extraordinaire James Freeman reeled drunkenly into the studio, clutching his Hasselbladder between his legs as he veered dangerously toward the expensive lighting rig. "Steady, Fluff!" we yelped as £10,000 worth of soft box and light teetered alarmingly. Luckily, Victoria had brought along her own soft box for us to use and, once a grown up had steadied him in his bathchair, James was able to click away like a man possessed. "More pussy, I want to see more pussy!" he cried, his talon-like hands scratching feverishly at the arms of his chair in a frenzy of lust. So we turned his chair round so that it faced the right way and off he went. A sort of photographic equivalent of Davros the Dalek leader, is our Freeman...

around her waist, pulling her closer to me and as my cock stirred in my jeans she moaned softly in her throat. "I think we had better go, don't you?" I said. "Yes," she whispered.

We both got in the car, and as I was about to drive off, I looked across to Gemma sitting in the other seat. Her dress had ridden high up her thighs, I had little concentration whilst driving.

Her eyes were closed, and she breathed easily. Then she shifted in her seat, and the tops of her stockings came into view, Gemma made no attempt to try and cover herself. It was no good, I had to stop the car before I had a crash. I rested my hand on her shoulder and gently stroked her neck with my thumb, Gemma moaned softly again. She opened her eyes and looked at me, I didn't need any more telling, I kissed her hard on the lips. Our arms were roaming all over each others bodies, we kissed for what seemed an eternity.

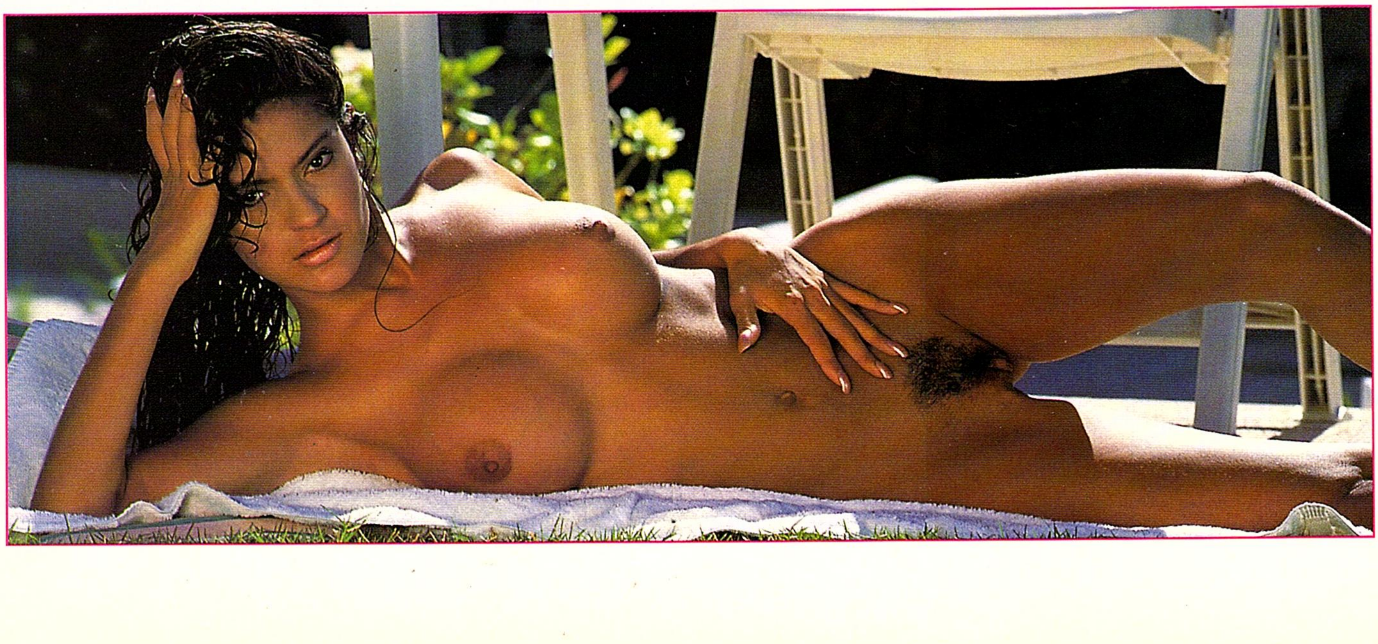
"Allen," she said, "take me now, please, I can't wait any longer. Fuck me, fuck me now." I got out of the car, the night was warm with a slight breeze every now and then, and there wasn't a cloud in the sky. I opened her door and helped her out of the car, Gemma's legs weakened, so I sat her on the bonnet of the car. Then slowly I raised my hands up from her waist to her breasts until I held one in each of my hands, the soft flesh pliable through the material of her top. Then, gently, I squeezed and pulled each nippled until they stood hard and erect. I undid her dress and ran my fingers up the sides of Gemma's body, the slightest of touches sending ripples of pleasure through our bodies.

Gemma stood up and let her dress fall to the ground, she stood in front of me in just her underwear, bra, knickers, suspender belt and stockings. The moonlight glistened on her tits, making each one look as if they had silver dust on them. I cupped one in my hand, the warm flesh a sensation of its own. I leant forward and closed my mouth around her tit, I smelt her sweet perfume

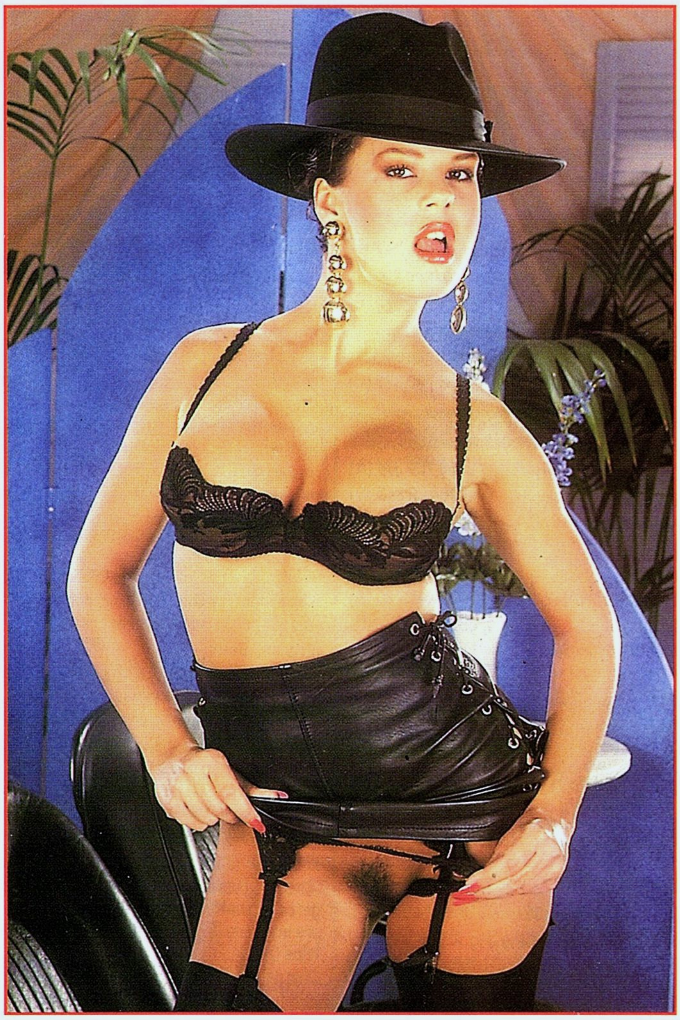
marla

The line so Ferrari, so goodie, sprang to mind when I saw this set, and I deeply and humbly apologise for inflicting it upon you. Yes, Kathy has bought herself a new car, thanks to her modelling career. If only I'd remembered sooner, I could have asked her to give me a lift into London in it today, so I could meet one of our photographers, instead of completely forgetting my appointment. And, after a filling lunch, would have been safely tucked up in bed snoring away a hangover. As Richard said, I missed out on an opportunity. "Ah, yes, but you have to have missed opportunities so that you better appreciate the ones you grasp," I corrected him. He replied that he thought that this was a very philosophical attitude. "No," I admitted, "that is the attitude of a loser." I've always found honesty to be the best policy, and if honesty can't crack it, then lying comes second best.

While we also see Denise in this issue reclining by the pool, in another corner of the garden, Marla allows the sun to dry the moisture from her lithe, young body. Its warm rays penetrate deep into her body like hands that slowly caress her. And when I try, all I get is a dirty look. So Marla's a sun nymph and loves laying in the sun. Hey, so do I, provided I've got factor 20 on my rear end as it bobs up and down. Truth to tell, I had hoped that Marla would want to test drive my LWB (Little White Buttock) machine, but my efforts were for nothing. My clutch was shot, she told me, and my distributor was burnt out. Whose fault was that, I asked? She merely replied that she wanted to hook up with a hot rod, not some clapped out banger that over heats when the temperature rises. Innit marvellous? I get to travel abroad with a model and all we do is swap car-based sexual innuendo without even a hint of a jump start. I was choked, I tell you.



Photographed by PICTURE BUSINESS



Justine

Photographed by JACK HARRISON

Dominique

As a critic, it's a pleasure to view this set. Dominique, in her purest form, in a bath time context, establishes the post-modern landscape which each of us inhabit. A fiction within a fiction. Romance juxtaposed with soapy fiction romance. A golden, gilted cypher that speaks the unspeakable and answers the unanswerable, while still managing to maintain that fine balance between the dangerously sudsy stimulating and the sublimly erotic. And she keeps the blood flowing to my thighs, too, which is just as well, because I can't stand up without breaking something right now...

Photographed by KEVIN MCLINTOCK

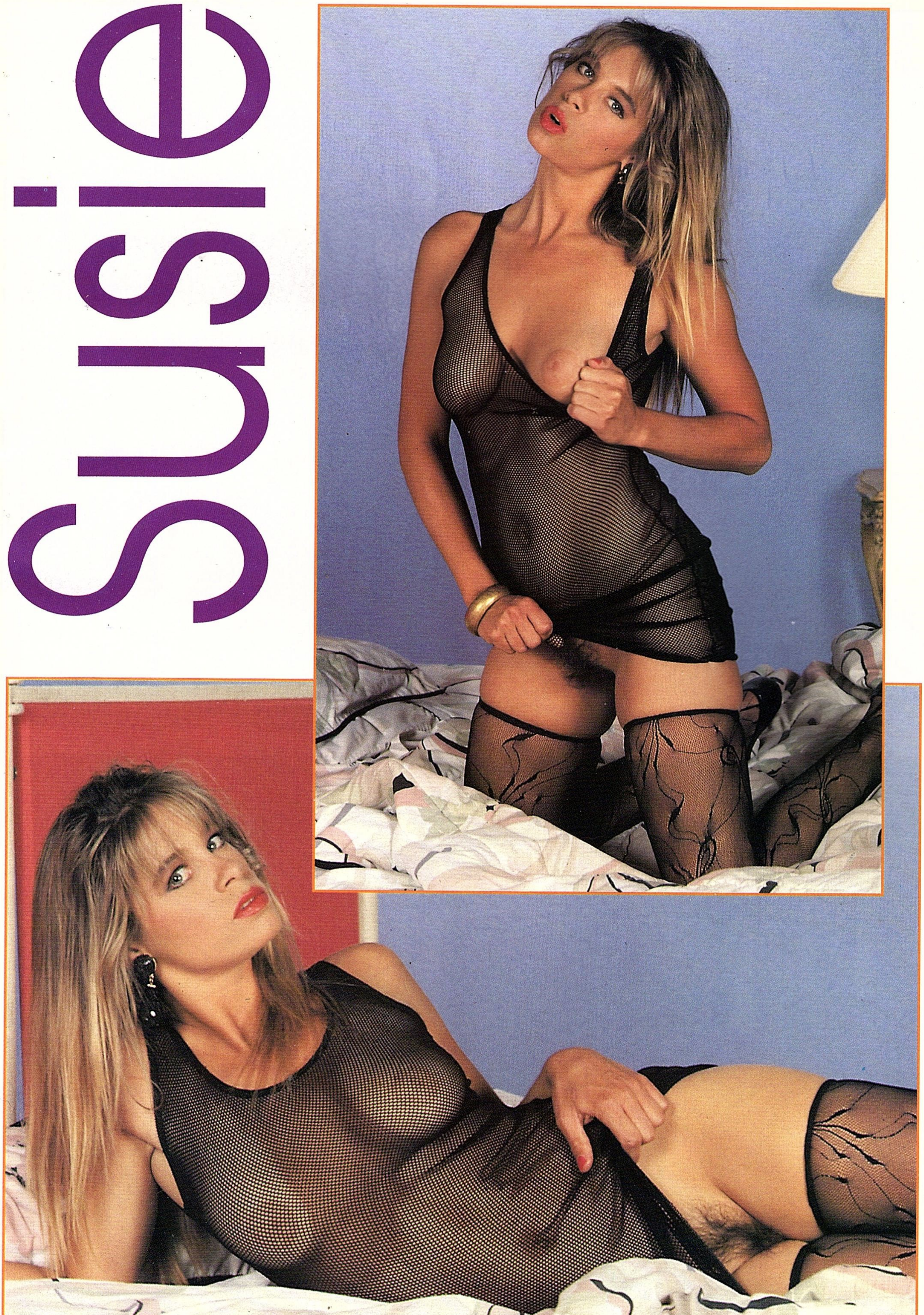
Justine is an unusual girl. Aside from her strong penchant for weird and wonderful 'titfers', she also collects words that are in danger of becoming extinct. Cornucopia is one of her current favourites, which of course could be used to describe her many sexual charms. But lately, she has become enamoured with grandiloquence, a common problem amongst blurb writers, as you have no doubt noticed. Aside from her love of millenary accoutrements, Justine enjoys administering prostatic massages on the NHS as part of her day job as a nurse. Ah, the strange and varied lifestyle some of our models lead when not removing their underpinnings for your delectation...

Charlie

Charlie gets something of a thrill taking her clothes off for the camera. Perhaps it's the knowledge that so many of you out there will find her luscious body too much to look at for long without placing incredible braking strain on your seams. More likely, it's the fact that old Ulf tends to hyperventilate when he takes pictures of a girl who rates a 9.5 on the old Knave Stiffometer. The front of his trousers billow alarmingly as he zooms in and out. Still, it's a feeling we can all relate to gazing at this lady. Please don't try and tell me that I'm the only one here who wants to feel a real Charlie...

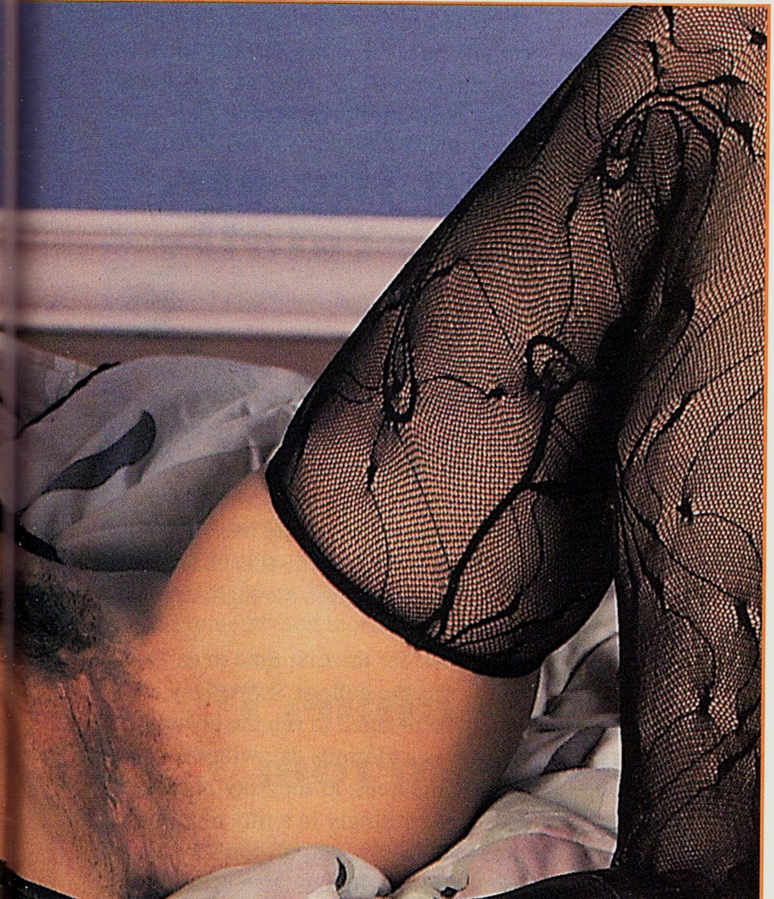
Photographed by ULF STJERNBO

Susie



I don't know, but come 4pm I tend to feel a bit jaded, as though I'm overdosing on pussy. You wouldn't believe half of the things that go on here; people have often muttered about writing books on the subject, but the possible libels as well as the outrageousness of the subject matter has meant the shelving of said projects. An example, when was the last time you asked a girl how she shaved her fanny? No, no, I don't mean the technical part - even I've seen a razor blade. Although the Fiesta Ed could do with taking a glance at one a tad more often: stubble rash all over models breasts takes a bit of explaining. No, I mean when did you last ask a girl if she trims her pubic hair, and do it as part of your job? It truly is a bizarre world, especially when the model actually tells you without so much as batting a thigh. What brings you down to earth is when she doesn't offer to show you...so no marks here for Susie and her un-trimmed tickly bits.

Photographed by GLENN MORALES



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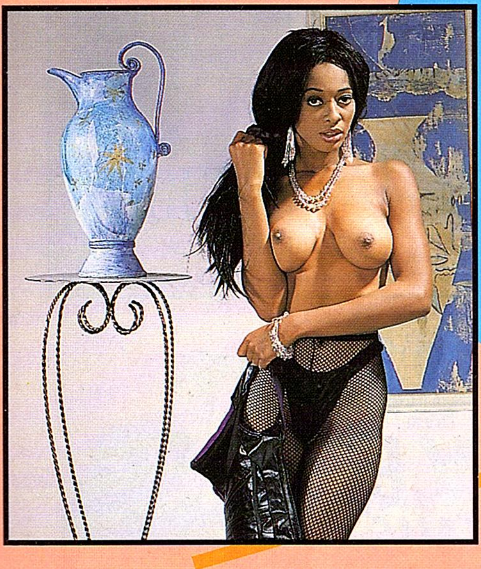


GET IT WHILE IT'S HOT -
AT A SHOP NEAR YOU FROM APRIL 24TH.

and the smell of sex was all about her.

I moved my hand down to her quim, the warmth was lovely and her panties were already damp with her love juices. Gently, I eased aside her panties and slipped my finger deep into her love channel, at the same time I nibbled gently on her nipple, running my tongue back and forward over it, making it stand even harder.

Gemma started to moan louder, rolling her head from side to side in wild abandon, her breath coming in short gasps. Her cunt muscles gripped my finger deep inside of her, my cock straining in my jeans, aching to get where my finger was.

Then Gemma reached forward, undid my zip, and in one quick, deft move had my jeans and pants down around my ankles. My cock, free at last, was level with her head as Gemma knelt on the ground. She looked at my cock, and I could feel her breath on my helmet, then she slowly moved forward and took my cock in her mouth. Slowly Gemma inched down my rampant shaft until she had the whole length inside her mouth. With slow rythmic moves she bobbed her head back and forward, up and down my cock, sucking with an almost urgent need to drink my spunk.

I was in ecstasy as she sucked me, I felt the spunk building up in my balls but I took my cock out of her mouth, not wanting to shoot my load yet. As Gemma stood up, she licked her lips, tasting the early jism that had seeped out of my cock. We embraced as we kissed again, and I could taste the saltiness of my spunk. Gemma broke off the kiss and leant back on the car bonnet. I felt contact with her cunt, and as I eased my cock deep inside her, her juices ran freely down the insides of her thighs.

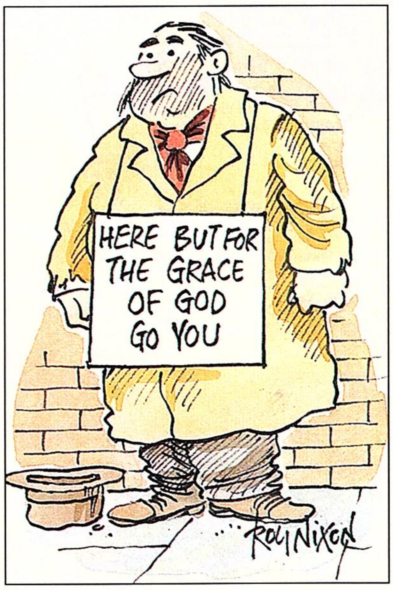
Inch by inch I slid my cock into the warm, wet pleasure palace of Gemma's cunt. The walls of Gemma's vagina clenched hard, and her body became beaded with sweat. She shuddered with her first small climax and moaned loudly.

Slowly, I began to pump the cock in and out of Gemma's cunt. Then faster and faster, I started to fuck her, hard and proper. "Yes, yes," she screamed, the look in her eyes was wild with passion. "Yes, yes, ahh, yes," she moaned, "I'm coming. Ooh, I'm coming." The walls of her vagina gripped my cock, holding it as she orgasmed, her nerve ends on fire, then whoosh, pure ecstacy filled her, bliss, sheer bliss!

Then the fire started in my balls again, with an eruption, spunk shot from the end of my cock deep inside her. Bright lights burst and flashed behind my closed eyelids, my cock spasmed, spurting more spunk from it, and her cunt drained every last drop from it.

Exhausted, we both lay on the bonnet, I rested my head on Gemma's tits, sweat dripping from my forehead. I looked up at Gemma. She smiled back. Wow.

– A.G., Ipswich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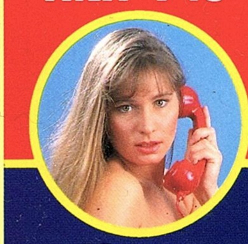

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American Letter

My boyfriend is an American. This is a letter he sent me two years ago when he went home to visit his family for Christmas.

Jean,

Here I am at 7am at Johnny's house, 10 degrees below zero and thinking of you. I've only been here for three days and I'm missing you more than I thought I would. Or is it that I'm missing your warm, soft lips running up the length of my hot hard cock. Right now I'd love to have you on the couch. That hot naked body of yours laid out, waiting for me to lick every bit of it before I get down between your legs and suck softly on your warm soft pussy. After getting my face soaked with your hot juices, I'd take my throbbing cock and slowly run it between your tender tits, while you rub my balls gently with your hands the way only you know how to. When I feel like I'm about to come all over your tits, I'd stop and slowly lick, suck and kiss those tits until they got good and hard and your pussy is aching for a really good hard fuck.

Then I'd get up, shove my cock in your mouth and give it a good slow wank while you suck the end of it gently. Then I'd get you on all fours and stick my, once again, hot throbbing cock into that hot, soaking pussy from the rear and give you a good, long, slow fuck. When I start feeling my juices building up in my balls and my cock is about to explode inside your soft, hot pussy, I'd get on my back and have you sit on my face and smother me with all that lovely pussy juice from your hot and waiting cunt. I'd have you rub it hard and fast while I suck and lick it. I would hold you there until you come all over my face and your cunt gets too tender to touch from coming so hard.

After licking the juices from around your hot, satisfied pussy, I'd roll you on your back, shove my cock in your mouth and fuck it long and hard. When I come, I'll explode every bit of my hot juice down your throat while you suck my cock and rub my balls until there is nothing left to come out. Then I'd hold you in my arms, kiss you softly and get a sleep like I haven't had since the last time I was with you.

Keep it hot for me and rub it nightly - it's good, it's hot and it's mine.

P.S. Yes, I miss you!

I was instructed by telephone, from America, not to read it until I went to bed (WOW!). – *J., Scotland.*

Hot Shot

I'd like to tell you about an experience I had recently which was the realisation of a longtime fantasy of mine. I am a 20 year old trainee accountant working for a smallish partnership in Leeds. I share an office with two other accountants and the company's secretary and general sexpot, Maureen.

Maureen is in her middle thirties, with a good figure, an attractive face and the most sensationally shapely legs and behind you've ever seen. She can be a bit course, telling crude jokes to Colin and Don, the two accountants. They seem to enjoy it and encourage her. For example, if she arrives late to work one of them will say, "What were you up to last night then?" She'll answer with a giggle, "Oh, you know how it is, me and Geoff were at it all night, I'm shagged out." This results in general hysteria for the three of them, although being a bit shy I tend not to get involved which only provides them with more cause for amusement. One of the blokes will say to me, "You ought to give it a try instead of all that wanking you do,"

WCR PLUS

at which I usually turn bright puce. Not that it's far from the truth, many's the time I've tossed myself off while imagining fucking the arse off Maureen, not that I thought I had a hope in hell of ever doing that. She seemed to know that I had a king size crush on her. She went out of her way to tease me by sitting on the edge of my desk with her sexy legs inches from my sweating hands or by wearing short skirts and walking with an exaggerated wiggle. I'd sit behind my desk gritting my teeth with my erection seriously testing the strength of my zipper.

One morning, several weeks ago, Don came in with a floppy disk onto which someone had managed to transpose part of a porno video. We all gathered around his PC to watch this bird getting a right royal shagging. The four of us laughed and made daft remarks, but while to the others it was just a giggle, I had an erection like an iron bar. After we'd watched the film a couple of times Don put it away but I couldn't wait to see it again.

That lunchtime, Don and Colin went to the pub as usual and Maureen went shopping. As soon as I was sure I had the office to myself I played the disk again and it had the same electrifying effect on me. I was watching it for the third time when Maureen walked into the office. At first I was so engrossed in it, I wasn't even aware of her presence. I was actually rubbing my throbbing cock through my trousers when she spoke.

"So this is what you get up to when we're out, is it?" she said smiling. I almost died on the spot. I attempted some excuse but she knew full well that she'd caught me red handed. "Don't worry, I won't tell those two," she said almost laughing, and added, "in fact I got quite turned on by it myself." Then she walked over to me and did something I'd thought could only happen in a masturbation fantasy, she got hold of my cock!!!

"But not half as turned on as you by the feel of things," she said huskily. She squeezed my rampant rod through the material of my pants a couple of times and then, heaven be praised, she unfastened my zip and extricated my rigid member. My cock was glistening with my juices. I looked down and the longed for sight of it being firmly grasped by her long fingers, with her painted nails, was a reality. "You're quite a bit boy, aren't you?" she teased as she slowly began to wank me, her hand moving in deliberate strokes up and down my sticky shaft. I felt as though I was going to pass out with pleasure. I placed a hand on her thigh and as she made no attempt to remove it, I began to squeeze gently.

"You like my legs, don't you?" she teasingly asked. I was unable to reply, I was on the verge of coming and I was breathing in deep gulps. She took her hand off my cock and slowly hiked her skirt up to the vee of her crotch so that my hand now rested on the bare nylon of her tights. Then she gripped me firmly again, skinning me all the way back. The sight of her legs and the tight grasp she had on my prick was too much for me and I exploded, shooting my load all over the screen of Don's PC. My cock jerked in her hand with each successive ejaculation. She retained her tight grip on my dick until I'd finally emptied my balls. Then she went to her desk and fetched a tissue. This she used to wipe my still rock hard weapon dry and to clean the screen, but one tissue wasn't enough to cope with the amount I'd shot. With some difficulty, she placed my tool back in my pants and rezipped them over the very prominent bulge of my stiff cock. She pulled her skirt back down and said, "You go for a walk and cool off, I'll clean this lot up." I nodded my agreement and left. I couldn't really believe what had happened.

I walked around not wanting to go back to work, I was worried about facing Maureen again. All that afternoon I couldn't look at her directly without feeling embarrassed about everything. But when she had occasion to speak to me, she was all sweetness and light. At one point she came into the kitchen while I

▶6

PEN POWER PLUS

was making coffee, she walked over to me, stroked my bum and in a sexy voice said, "If you thought today was nice, just you wait till tomorrow." God, I almost came in my pants.

That night I was in such a state, my mother thought I was sickening for something. This gave me the perfect excuse to go to bed early. Once in bed I tossed myself off twice, re-running in my mind the image of my cock in Maureen's hand. Next day, I could hardly get to work quickly enough. When Maureen arrived, I thought she would cause a riot. She was wearing a very short black skirt and a blouse made of some shiny black material, with the top two buttons unfastened. Needless to say, Don and Colin went apeshit with comments like, "Look at Gypsy Rose Lee," "Wooarrgh," and, " I wouldn't mind being the lucky bugger you've dressed up like that for." If only you knew, I thought smugly. All morning she behaved as though nothing had happened the day before which was absolutely infuriating for me. My cock was half erect all morning and I only had to look at her for it to become fully stiffened.

At about eleven she called me over to her desk, ostensibly to check the spelling on a report I'd written: I went awkwardly over to her and she showed me a piece of paper on which was written, "Don't go out this lunchtime." I read it and nodded to her, my cock instantly going hard with anticipation. The next hour and a half seemed about two weeks long, I thought the other two would never piss off. Finally, they left for their customary lunchtime lagers, leaving us apparently busily working. Colin even said, "Don't you two get up to anything while we're out."

Nothing was said for about five minutes, but the atmosphere was electric. She said she was going to make a coffee and wiggled provactively into the kitchen. A couple of minutes later, she called out, "Come in here will you, I can't get the lid off this jar," when I walked in the sight that greeted me made my knees go weak. She was still wearing her blouse but she'd completely removed her skirt. She was wearing tiny red G-string knickers, a black suspender belt, black stockings with fancy tops and a lacy red and black garter. Without her skirt, I could see that her legs really were as sexy and shapely as I'd often imagined them to be. My prick was as hard as marble. She wasted no time in unfastening my trousers and pulling them down to my knees although she did have a bit of a tussle getting the waistband of my boxer shorts over my rigid cock. She started to slowly wank me, gripping my prick (which had already started oozing a clear sticky liquid) firmly with her right hand.

She slipped off her panties and placed my left hand between her legs. I'd never touched a girl there before, so I was a bit tentative at first. But with Maureen's encouragement, I soon had two fingers sliding in and out of her slippery pussy. With my right hand, I kneaded her boobs, rubbing her nipples with my thumb. I managed to unfasten her blouse but I couldn't undo her bra, so she did it for me. Her tits were magnificent. The nipples stood up just like I'd read they were supposed to, in the girlie mags I've seen. I sucked and licked each one in turn whilst she continued wanking me off, spreading my own sticky secretions over my shaft. I remember thinking; this is it, boy, time to lose that cherry. But it didn't work out that way. Maureen tightened her grip on my erection and kissed me passionately, slipping her tongue into my mouth. I could feel the tip of my cock rubbing her wiry pubic hair. Any minute now, I thought. But Maureen had other plans.

PUN-ILINGUS

Age:
The difference between being over-sexed and over sex.

Arsch Loch:
A wee body of water in Scotland so shallow it barely covers the bottom of a Bavarian bather on holiday.

Belle Push:
Sex with a French maid.

Bête noire:
A synthetic ebony exciter that could choke a horse.

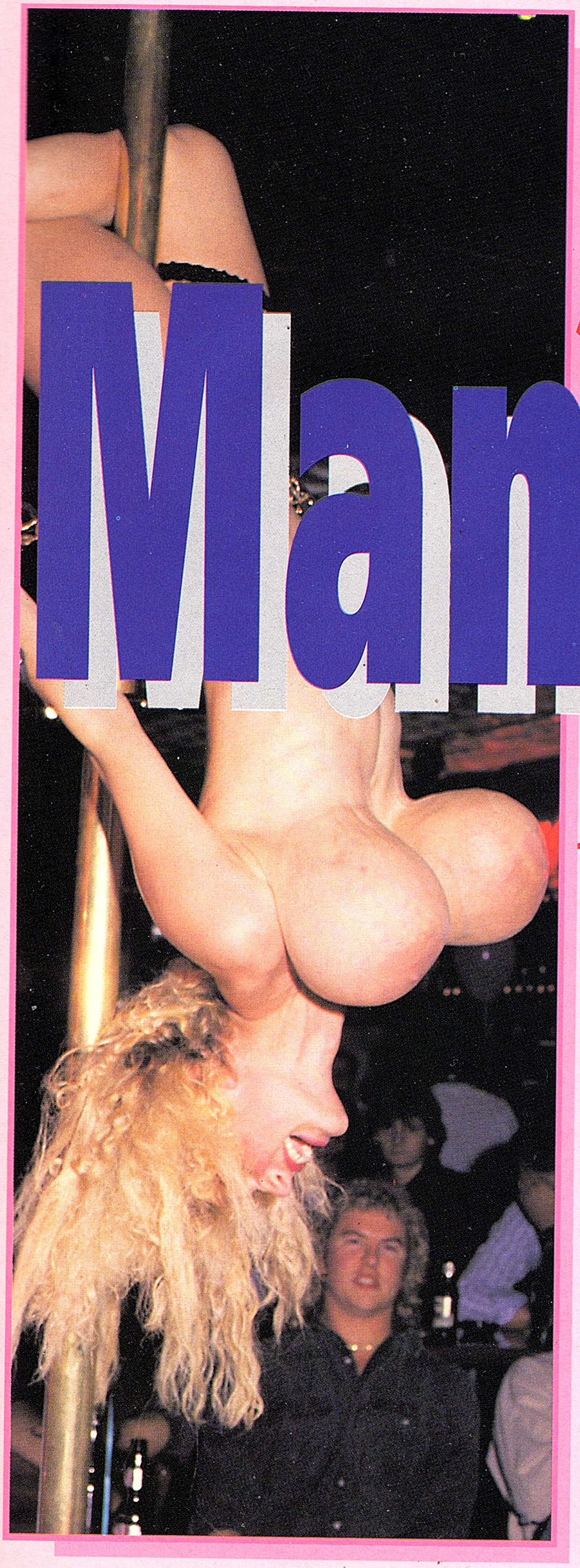
Brothel:
Bawdy building.

She pulled away and knelt in front of me. She lowered her lips down to my cock, taking it slowly into her mouth. She was a real expert at this business. I was in a sexual delirium. The sensation of her lips on my shaft was unbelievable. I'd read about this, but you have to experience it to really know how it feels. She began sucking harder, exerting more pressure, with one hand she gently fingered my balls. I was never going to stand much of this and I sensed that she wanted me to come in her mouth. I obliged, shooting my spunk deep into her throat, I was already past the point of no return anyway. She reached up and grasped the base of my cock tightly as I squirted time and again. My body shuddered as I was shaken by spasms of an ecstasy I'd never experienced before. She swallowed my entire load with ease and expertise.

I dressed shakily. She kissed me demurely and asked me to go for a drink after work with her. That evening in the pub she explained although she'd enjoyed our session at work she could never allow herself to have sex with another man whilst she was married to Geoff. It turned out that all her dirty talk and brazen behaviour was just a front, that beneath her tarty exterior she was really an old fashioned prude. Who'd have believed it! She did say however, that it had been a fantasy of hers for years to initiate an inexperienced man into the arts of sex and had often considered me to be a suitable candidate for tuition!

So now, whenever we can manage it, we have oral sessions at work. She's taught me how to lick her pussy and clit until she's dripping wet. I've even achieved a cherished ambition and shot my spunk all over he tits.

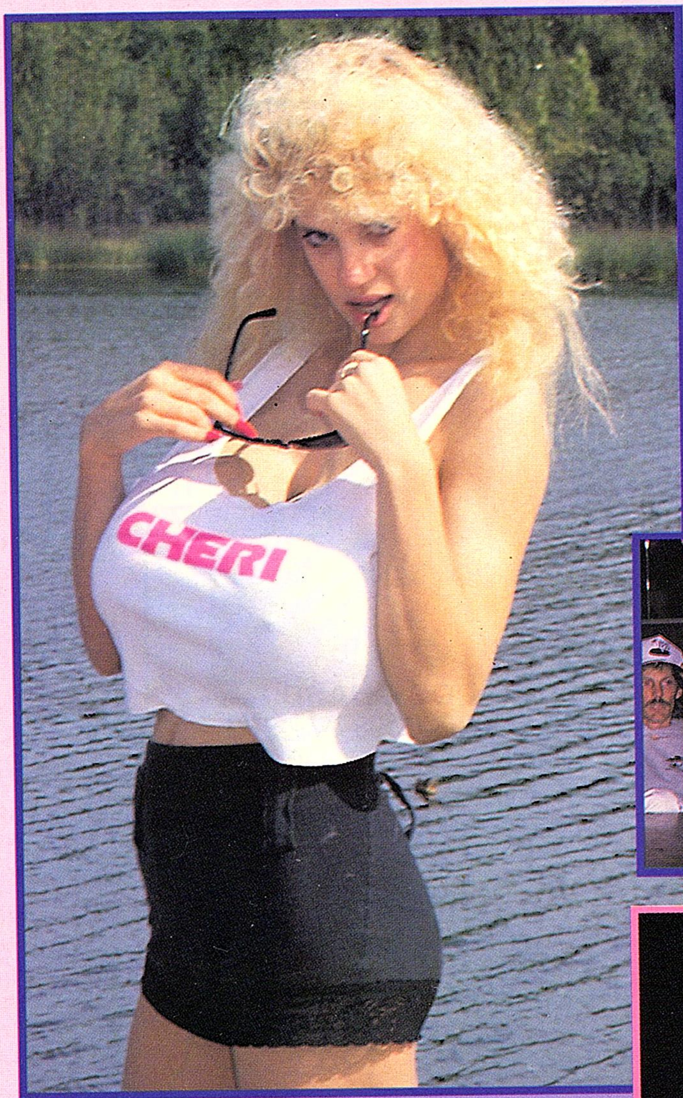
Mega Mamms!



Although our sister magazines (and I use the term in its girliest form) Fiesta and Fotogirls tend to print all the big boob sets that enter the building, it's always a pleasure to scoop one from under their noses. Let's face it, we couldn't have scooped this gal unless we had a JCB, or other earth-moving device!

Rachel here, who dances under the name 'Justa Dream' possesses a ninety - yes, 90 - inch bust which, she claims, is all her own work. In other words, there's no silicone in there. A close study of her naked body by the entire male staff discovered many varied and interesting uses for her breasts, but we were unable to determine conclusively whether they were real or not.

To be honest, we were having so much fun bouncing up and down on her fleshy trampolines that we completely forgot to look! Personally, 'Justa' reminds me of Terry Gilliam's cartoon woman from the titles of Monty Python's Flying Circus. Except that one was an animation, and Rachel is supporting the entire UK steel industry by having her bras specially constructed! Talk about a dead heat in a Zeppelin race...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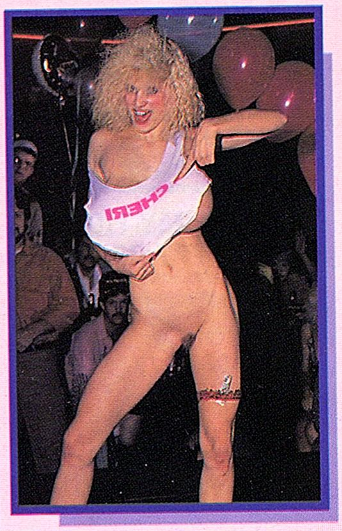
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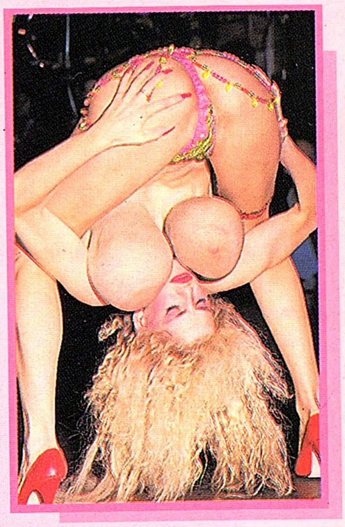
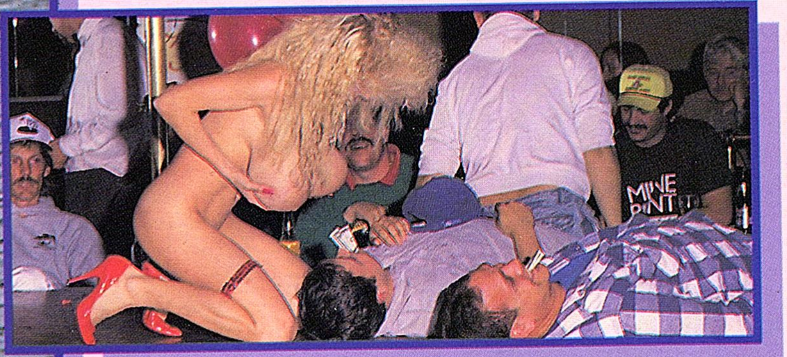
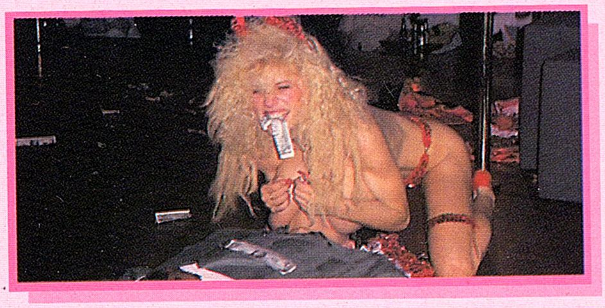
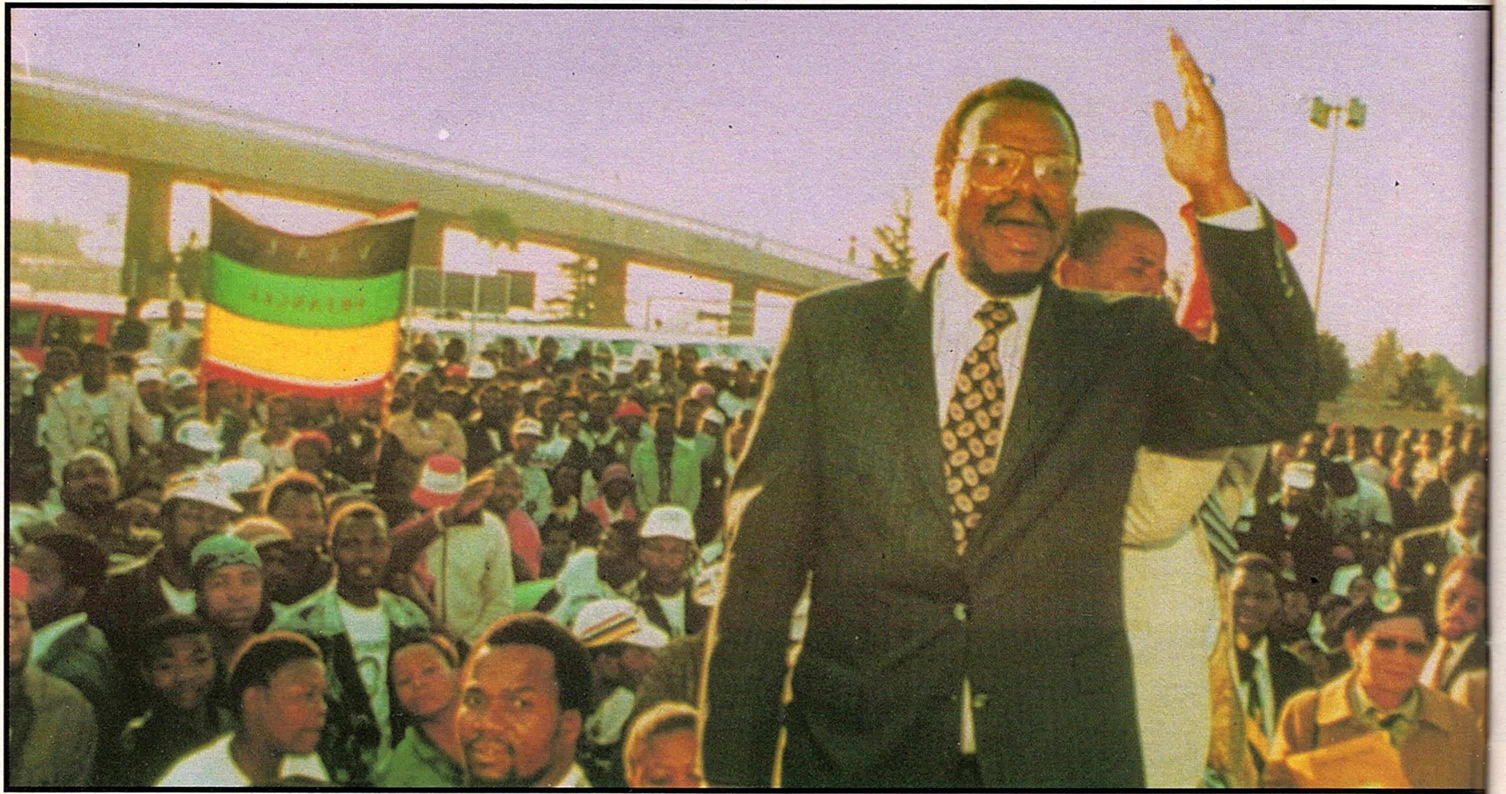






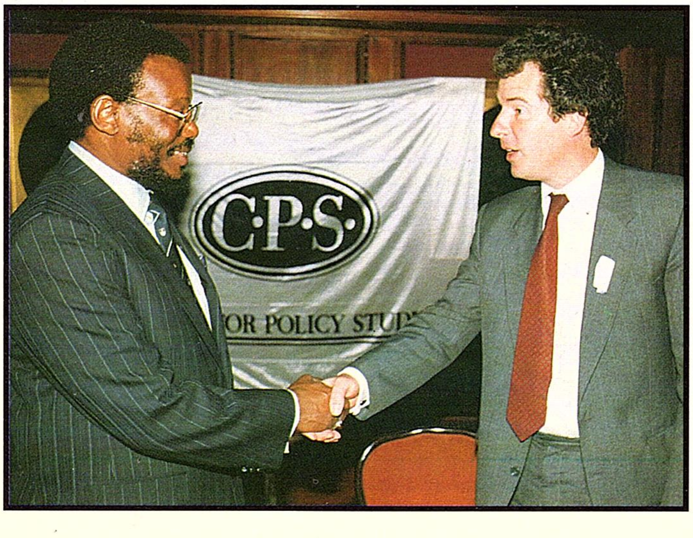
OUT OF Africa



He wears conservative smartly tailored suits and looks and speaks like a university don. His is the quiet authority in black South African politics. Not for him the overheated rhetoric of a Mandela, or that peculiarly English moral superiority of a BBC Newsnight presenter when discussing his country. Mangosuthu Ashpenaz Nathan Buthelezi is 66, a non-drinking, non-smoking bespectacled diabetic who has a deceptively mild manner which is richly fortified by an almost English sense of humour. He has been likened (by the Sunday Times) to a black Clark Kent. He has been married to Princess Irene, the first Zulu chief to take only one wife – for 41 years. They have seven children. 'Gatsha' Buthelezi is a devout practising Christian with a love of Mozart.

We meet in his horseshoe-shaped legislative chamber. He comes around the right hand side to greet me, passing pictures of himself

In South Africa the tide has always been turning, but now it is building up to flood levels as the white government of State President, Frederick Wilhelm de Klerk, which instituted sweeping reforms beginning with the release of Nelson Mandela in February 1990, gets down to the nitty gritty of negotiation. In Britain, indeed in the entire outside world, it is de Klerk and Mandela, South Africa's governing National Party and the ANC, who matter – but that is bullshit. 'Bullshit' is the favourite expletive of the man who really matters, Chief Minister 'Gatsha' Buthelezi, overlord of the 7.2 million strong Zulu nation. The Zulus are the superior black tribe of Africa, the warriors, Rorke's Drift and all that. Without Buthelezi there will be NO new constitution, no matter what the ANC, the PAC, the comical AZOPO, or our own BBC, might want to the contrary. BRIAN O'HANLON, for over twenty years a commentator on Southern African affairs, interviewed Chief Buthelezi in the Legislative Assembly buildings, Ulundi, Kwa-Zulu (the old Zululand) exclusively for Knave.



taken with the world's good and great; Presidents Reagan and Bush, The Queen, Mikhail Gorbachev, and Margaret Thatcher. 'Gatsha' is somebody with whom they can deal. A man with his feet firmly on the soil of his native land who despises communism for its 'transparent naivete', and has no illusions as to what a 'one man one vote' takeover by the ANC or its more militant extreme factions would mean for the country.

There is ample evidence to the north of South Africa's borders I suggest?

Doctor – as he likes to be called – smiles.

"Of course, you know you British should be very greatful to us (Buthelezi smiles like an affable mugger). After all, we gave them more VCs than anyone else they fought!"

On a more serious note he continues, "We owe the British a few things: a system of justice, the political system, but they left great unfinished buisness here . . ."

He is referring to the hiccup of Grand Apartheit (Apartheid is the German spelling, not Afrikaans). The black and the boer respect but don't particularly like each other as a race. Their enmity goes back to the killing of Boer Piet Retief by the Zulu chief Dingaan in the early 19th century. It is always a show-stopper when used by the leader of the Afrikaner Resistence Movement, Eugene Terreblanche, bringing his ultra right wing audience to their feet with cries of pain and sorrow. Indeed, there was the occasion when a verkrumpte (arch conservative) minister of police (who did for Steve Biko) engaged with the Chief in warfare disguised as conversation. He warned Buthelezi, "My people will not surrender. They will fight. My people did that at Blood River . . ." Buthelezi cut in, "You mean they want to die?"

What then will be the new constitution for South Africa? The so-called unitary state, favoured by all those who would see the whites completely disenfranchised, or genuine power sharing?

Doctor Buthelezi blinks behind his glasses. This is the 64 thousand dollar question he is asked by all visiting journalists and politicians.

"It will have to be giving everybody a say in government. Just how that is achieved is what we have to discuss."

I remind him that he, that is Kwa Zulu/Natal, have been there before. That was five years ago when there came a new rapprochement between the predominantly English speaking Natalians – Natal is often referred to as 'The Last Outpost' by fellow South Africans – and the Zulu nation. They held an Indaba (the Zulu word for meeting) and both white and black agreed to democratic power sharing. Alas, the then Minister responsible for the interior stopped the plan by default. He did not bring it forward for cabinet discussion.

Gatsha Buthelezi is a capitalist who vehemently agreed with Margaret Thatcher that sanctions

OUT OF Africa

are a barren, idealistic can of worms hitting the poorest in the community. He also has no doubts about what would happen if the ANC was silly enough to try and take power by force.

"The whites are fully trained and totally armed. They are not going to give in or run away. This is not a post-colonial set-up in the same way as Rhodesia and other parts of Africa were. The Boer and the English-speaker are Africans as much as I am and have their roots deep in the soil."

The ANC has persuaded the government that the Zulus should be deprived of their traditional weapons: the assegai and the knob kerrie. "Why talk about our sticks and spears," Buthelezi asks fiercely, "when the killing is being done with AK47 rifles, limpet mines and hand grenades? Why does nobody demand that these weapons be banned? I would not even know where to buy an AK47. When have we used the necklace, the limpet mine, or the hand grenade?"

Is he in some way behind the violence just as much as the Mandelas are alleged to be, then? He smiles menacingly and says in a lowered tone, "Do you really think that if I gave my people orders of this sort my opponents would still be around? You know my Zulu people. Do you really think there would be anybody left?"

There is indeed a princely, touchy arrogance here, yet that is at odds with a curious vulnerability that is also on show underneath the finely honed exterior. The Doctor is the centre of attention wherever he goes amid his people. I have seen bare breasted Zulu maidens at their reed dance performed especially for his benefit, and the ululating crowds of generously breasted females wearing tight fitting party T-shirts.

The Zulu people, like the Afrikaner, suffer no identity crisis, unlike the ANC which is a mixture of three Xhosa races without a chief minister or king. I remind the Chief that his negotiating hand might have been strengthened with the marriage of one of the Zulu royal family to that of the adjacent Swazis. He beams in acknowledgement. There is nothing more to be said.

The ANC has decalred that once in power they will disband the chief's territory of Kwa-Zulu. His reply is emphatic, "We've been here before. That's what the old white government in Pretoria threatened to do. But the Zulus were a sovereign independent nation before there were any whites here. Before there was a Pretoria."

Once the darling of the liberal press in South Africa and beyond, he is now an embarrassment. His treatment by them he refers to as a form of 'political masturbation'.

Everyone knows why English-speaking attitudes have changed. The English in South Africa are craven. They first tried ignoring the Boers when the Afrikaner came to power in 1948. Then they stood on the sidelines making plenty of money and enjoying the same colonial lifestyle while the Afrikaner did all the political donkey and dirty work. All the 'Yapee' (English rude reference meaning Afrikaner) received was that particular English sort of effortless moral superiority when he legalised the old colonial ideas and made them apartheid.

When the Enlgish speaking business community saw that the Boer was not going to win, the smart money went on Buthelezi. When Nelson Mandela came out of prison to a messianic welcome from the rest of the world, these Vicars of Bray promptly ditched their former 'Man Of The Year', and started sucking up to Mandela and his wife, Winnie, as if their very lives depended on it. And that is where they are today. Mangasuthu Buthelezi is an embarrassment to liberal conscience. Not only in South Africa, but here in the UK. Apart from the Sunday Times piece, when did you every see another interview with him by the media in recent years? Not by the Mandela-fawning BBC, that's for sure.

Buthelezi is No Uncle Tom. No Goody Two Shoes. No knight in shining armour. But he is a highly competent and intelligent politician who is more on the side of Britian and the West than any other black leader in the emerging new South Africa. Buthelezi won't be playing Joshua Nkomo to Mandela's Robert Mugabe. He is not going to vanish like Bishop Abel Muzorewe, and Archbishop Desmond Tutu of Cape Town from the world spotlight. His power is in his people. All 7.2 million of them with their base along the old Anglo Boer War trails of Natal.

Though he is seen as an incurable conservative, his left wing connections are undisputed. An uncle was a founder member of the ANC in 1912. He was at Fort Hare University along with Robert Mugabe, and when his wife was growing up in Soweto, the young Nelson Mandela used to call by and play draughts with her uncle. Most African leaders, you see, have either been at school together, or in jail together.

We sip Earl Grey tea from China cups and eat elegant Ritz-cut wafer sandwich quarters of fresh meat and rich cheese. Our discussion is smooth and calm. Halfway through, a colleague joins him as he reflects on the Afrikaner premiers he has known since he came to power in 1962. Hendrik Voerwoerd, the architect of apartheit, to whom Buthelezi was another native chief who was supposed to shut up and do what he was told. There was B.J. Vorster who threatened to take away his passport and lock him up. To Vorster he was the bete noir of the Afrikaner, a 'cheeky kaffir'. Vorster is remembered as a dour man, totally unforgiving. The chief chuckles when we move on to P.W. Botha. "He waved his finger at me. He waved his finger a lot." Buthelezi is very much his own man and always has been. The first Zulu chief to graduate from a university. The first to take only one wife. The first leader of a so-called 'Bantu homeland' to refuse to recognize it as independent of South Africa.

In spite of our charming surroundings and the grandeur of the old Zululand with its lush vegetation and limitless horizons, I detect a note of pessimism from the Doctor about South Africa's future. Will it get worse before it gets better? The ANC has already appointed the new 'government' and is training military units in the Transkei – an independent homeland.

One moment he says there will be blood. At another pause in our conversation he gives the impression that he is a latter day Charles de Gaulle awaiting the call to office, if not to arms. "Inkathagate", the scandal of his military wing being white government funded, has largely blown over. After all, the ANC receives ten times as much from 'well wishers' in other parts of Africa, America and Europe, including the UK.

F.W. de Klerk has so far managed to sidestep and dummy the political football with an adroitness hitherto unbelievable in an Afrikaner, which has won him genuine plaudits from all quarters. The ANC is overplaying its hand. Western business don't like the sounds coming from its HQ in Soweto. We've been here before.

Does Doctor Buthelezi think Mr de Klerk will eventually turn to him when all other avenues have come to an implacable African-built brick wall?

"He is already speaking to me, only I don't tell people about it, and MY wife does not carry on like Winnie Mandela!"

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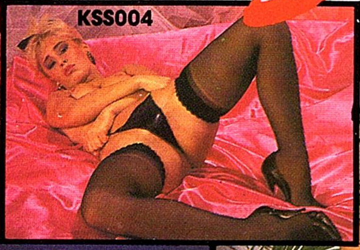
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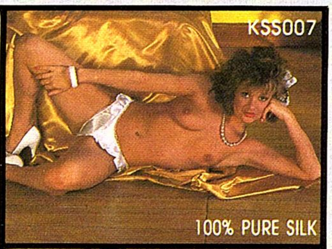
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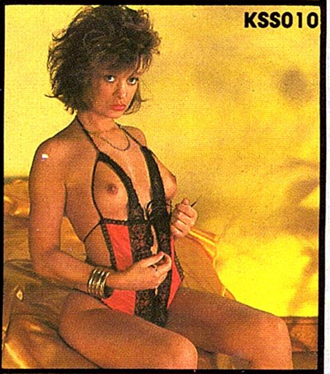
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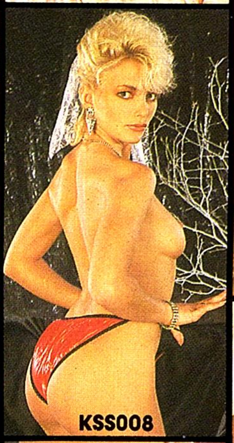
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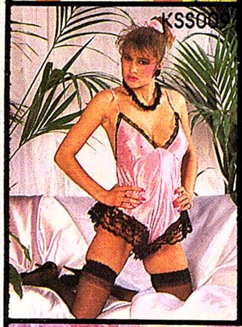
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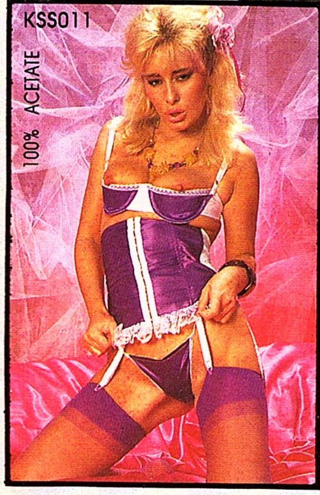
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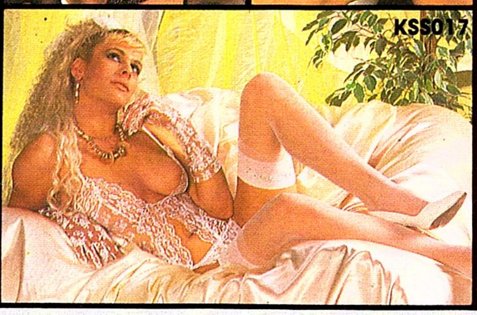
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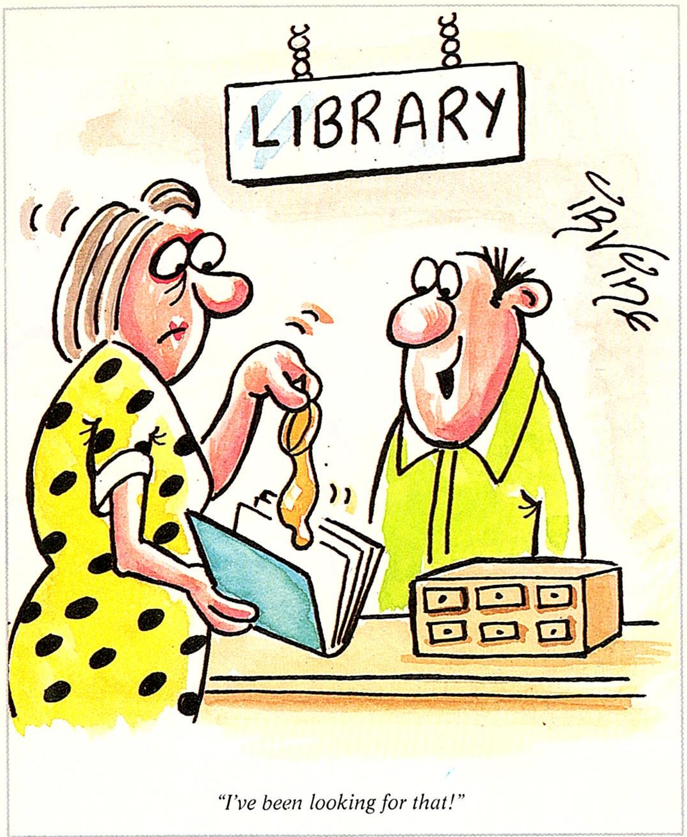
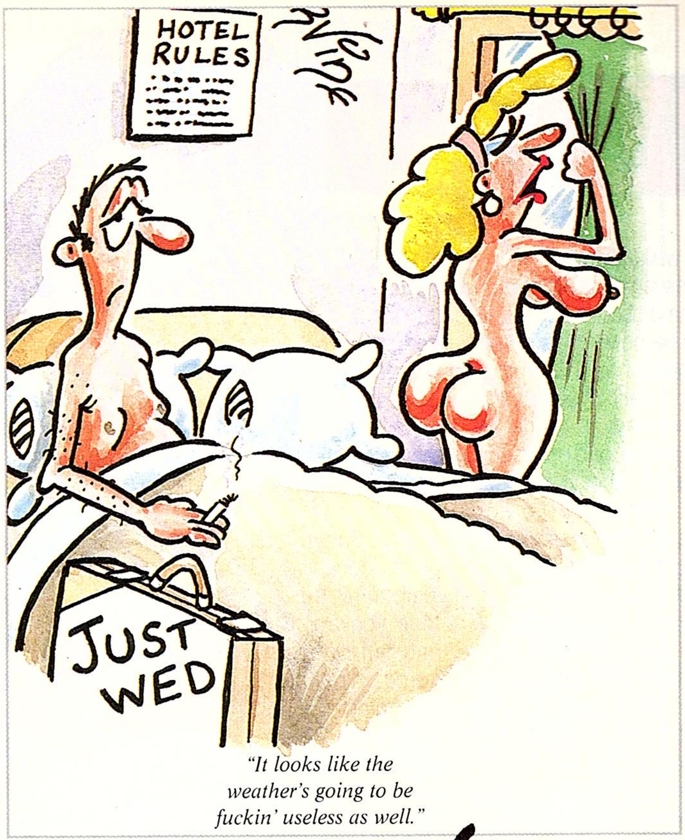
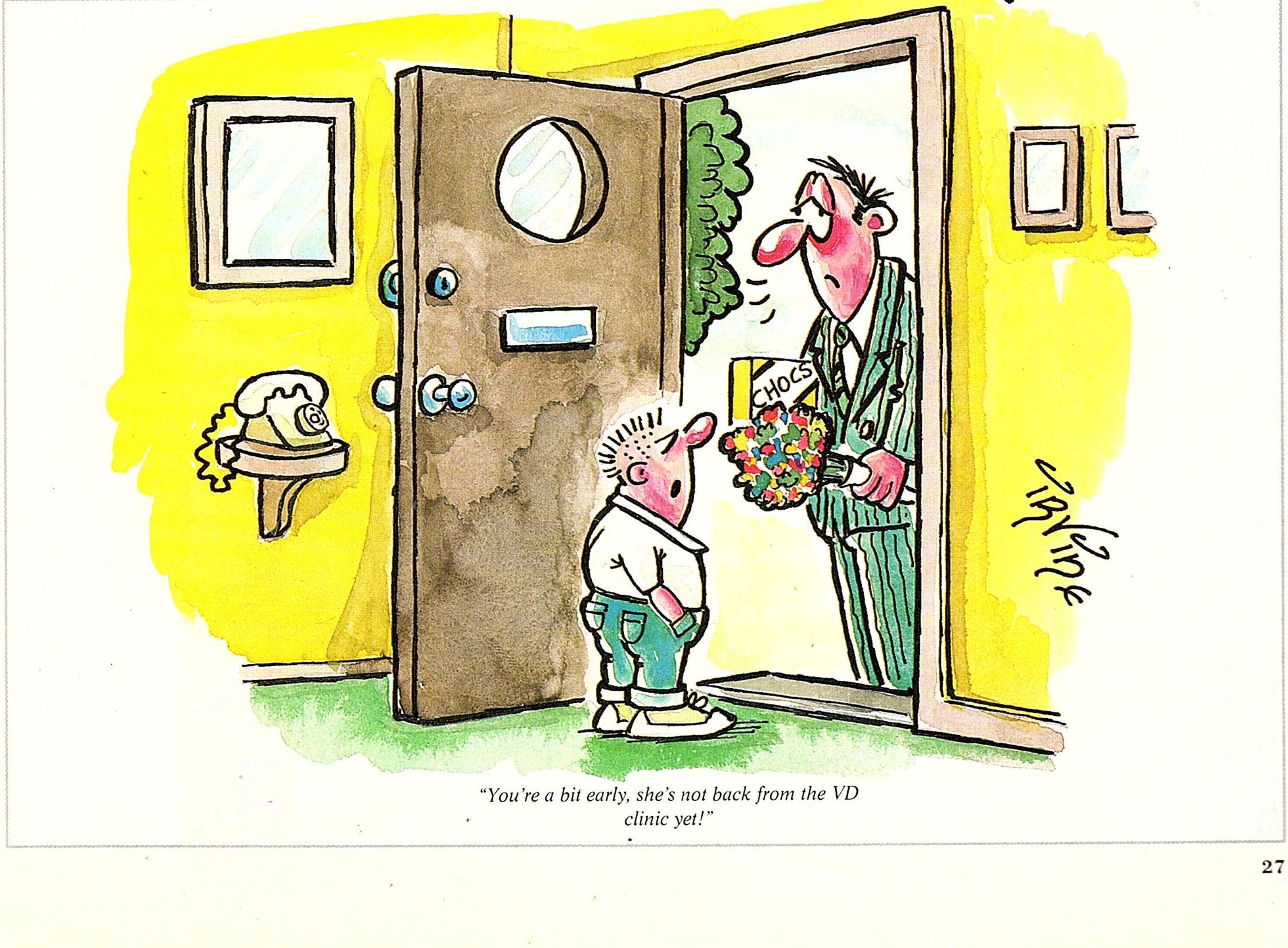

LIBRARY
IRVINE

"I've been looking for that!"


HOTEL RULES
IRVINE
JUST WED

"It looks like the weather's going to be fuckin' useless as well."

Laugh with IRVINE


CHOCS
IRVINE

"You're a bit early, she's not back from the VD clinic yet!"

◀7

Nikki, walked in with a man I had never seen before. Boy was he a dish! He happened to be her new boss, and had just given her a lift home. Being a perfect gentleman, he ordered a bottle of champagne, and all three of us started chatting. An hour later, Nikki left as she was going out that evening with her fiance, leaving Paul and myself together. We got on famously, we eventually went to have dinner in a local restuarant, drank some more champagne and before long, it was one in the morning!

Time just flew by. Paul walked me to my front door and, obviously, I asked him in for a nightcap. We both knew what was going to happen next. I got a bottle from the fridge, walked into the living room, poured the champagne and then Paul French kissed me; by this time, I was on another planet. Champagne bubbles were changing mouths at a rate of knots; Paul had lifted my skirt and to his surprise, I was wearing no knickers and I was absolutely dripping! I broke away, slipped out of my skirt revealing only my stockinged legs and my naked body. I took Paul by the hand, and led him to the bedroom; there, I undressed him very very slowly. First, loosening his tie and undoing his shirt, pulling it over his shoulders slowly revealing his beautiful chest. Next came the belt and trousers. Once down, I started teasing . . . gently caressing the huge lump in his boxer shorts. I then yanked them down and out popped a bone hard, nine inch rod, throbbing like mad and dying to be licked. I left Paul standing there and admired the view! I then massaged his delightful sperm containers, I could feel them tightening in my hand. Drops of pre-come were oozing out at the tip of his shaft waiting desperately to be drunk. While all this was happening, Paul was trying very hard to get hold of my firm breasts and bum but I wouldn't let him, not yet anyway!

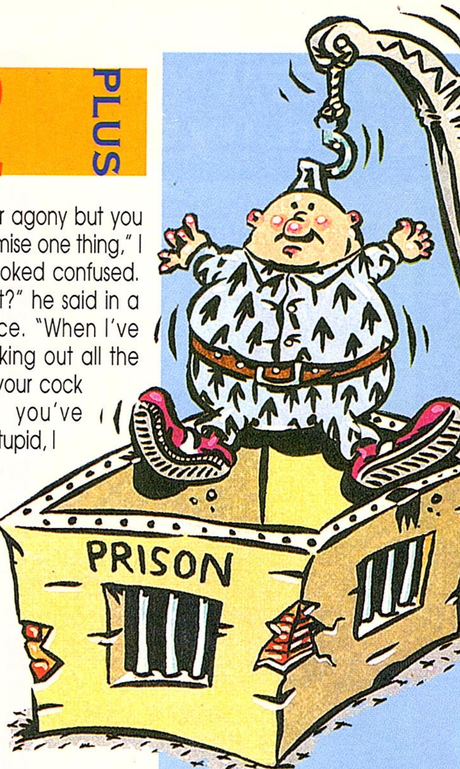
I left the room to go to the bathroom (not to do anything specific, but just to let Paul agonise a little). On my return he was on the bed not knowing what to expect. "I'll end your agony but you have to promise one thing," I said. Paul looked confused. "What's that?" he said in a worried voice. "When I've finished sucking out all the spunk from your cock and once you've fucked me stupid, I want to have the pleasure of watching you toss yourself off!" A rather feeble, "Why?" was the answer. I replied with, "Because nothing turns me on more than looking at a man beating his meat." "What if I refuse?" he asked. "Then I will tease you so much that the only thing you will want to do is to wank." I replied. "OK, you win," he finally said.

That was my cue. I slowly slithered onto the bed and licked my way up to his balls. I stayed there for a good ten minutes taking each one in turn into my mouth. I then started on Paul's wonderfully hard cock, slowly licking and sucking and eventually deep throating him. He was twitching like mad, I could feel the sperm rising, then in seconds high powered jets of that beautiful liquid shot to the back of my throat, eventually sliding off my tonsils. I think I rate the taste of spunk second to that of champagne! By then, Paul was in a state of frenzy and disbelief, I don't think he ever had such a good blow.job.

I let him recover then I hoisted myself next to him, spread my long legs and exposed my shaven pussy to him. "My turn," I said, "give me a good tonguing."

Paul dutifully lowered his face onto my cunt and started licking me. I was writhing on the bed, twisting and wriggling – he was sending electric shots

Weirdsville



At Columbus, Ohio, the trial of 43-stone Daniel M. Elkins had to be conducted in the court hall because he was too big to get through the door. On finding him guilty, the court paid a piano-moving company $75 to carry him to prison.

DIRTY RATS

Villagers in East Java, faced with a plague of rats ravaging their rice fields in 1985, began catching live rats, sewing up their anuses with strands of plastic string, then releasing them. Crazed by being unable to defecate, the rodents would turn on their fellow rats and bite them to death before dying themselves, usually in about three days. Villagers in Lumajang claimed to have killed 60,000 rats this way in just three weeks.

FIFTY YEARS AGO

Captain Howard Herbert Vincent was found guilty of insulting behaviour after being arrested in Hyde Park. According to one witness, he had been addressing a crowd of people, "Condemning the English law in regard to the suppression of persons walking about in the nude." Vincent was also distributing brochures about the 'Sun Ray and New Light Society', one of which invited people to join the club, stating that, "Consideration will be given to those applicants submitting photos absolutely nude.

IN THE COURTS

Robert Henshaw, a Santa Ana, California, mortuary driver, was fined $58 for being in a lane reserved for carpool drivers with passengers. His defence had been that the four frozen bodies he had on board made him eligible for the land. He also objected to judge Richard Stanford's description of the corpses as 'cargo', noting that his mother had died recently and that he hoped no one would call her 'cargo'.

LISTEN AND EARN

In Dewitt, Michigan, a woman is reported to be making a comfortable living by charging $10 for five minutes to listen to telephone callers. She does not actually converse with them – she just listens.

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on the bread. That is, I delivered bread to shops and supermarkets. Most of my calls were large impersonal shops, but one or two were cosey little village shops that didn't have a great deal of bread off me but always made me feel welcome. One particular place was the last call on my round and I used to get there about lunch time, just as they were closing. This meant that I could deliver the bread and then sit down and have my lunch with the owner of the shop before making my way back to the bakery. The owner of the shop was an old bloke with a broad mind and wicked sense of humour. His shop assistant, Sue, was normally, the object of his jokes and she took them all in good heart. Sue was about twenty five, married, although not very happily from what I could gather, and had the sort of figure that men dream about. She was a quiet girl but by no means shy. Whenever I turned up Mick, the owner, would say in a loud voice, "Here comes your boyfriend Sue. You are taking her out tonight aren't you, Les?" and then he would laugh heartily. Sue would blush and say nothing, but I often glimpsed a look in her eye that might have meant, "I wouldn't mind if you did." One day, when I arrived at the shop, I found Mick with his coat on, just about to go out.

"Sue's got the list," he said. And then loudly to Sue he said, "I'm leaving him to you today Sue, so just watch what you're doing." With a laugh, he was gone. I fetched the bread in and then settled down with Sue in the office to have a cup of tea. We chatted for a while about this and that. She said that Mick had asked her to look after the shop whilst he was out. Although he was shut at lunch time, Mick liked someone to be on the premises in case some one should want something urgently. After about twenty minutes I got up and said I had to go. "Must you?" said, Sue, rather sadly I thought. "Might give people the wrong idea," I joked, "me being alone with you." "We haven't done anything that would give them the wrong idea," she said, and then added seductively, "yet."

She stood up and walked over to me. My heart was pounding away by this time. I had never been in this situation before and I wasn't sure what to do for the best. I didn't have to do anything, Sue did it all for me. Reaching up, she put her arms around my neck and kissed me fully on the mouth while at the same time, pressing her body against mine so that by the time we had broken off I had a raging hard on.

"We would be more comfortable in the back room," she whispered. The back room was a box room where Mick kept all his stock. It wasn't a big place but it was big enough to hold a bed which Mick had put in there in case he had to sleep at the shop at any time. God bless Mick!

Taking her hand, I led her into the back room where she floated over to the bed and lay down. I made sure that the door was locked and then lay down on the bed with her. She reached out and kissed me again, this time her hands were wandering down to the bulge in my trousers and rubbing it gently. I began to massage thebeautiful tits that were thrusting against the material of her summer dress. The dress had large buttons that fastened down the front and I soon had them open and the lacey bra she was wearing was pushed up out of the way so that I could feast on her beautiful breasts. She threw her head back and moaned softly, holding my head against her tits and encouraging me to nibble at them.

After a while, I let my hand trail along the inside of her thigh until I reached the tiny panties that she was wearing. She had no tights on and it didn't take a moment to have the pants around her ankles and my fingers firmly embedded in her warm, wet, almost hairless cunt. This caused her to moan even louder and to clamp her thighs together so that my hand was trapped in heaven.

Suddenly, she broke away from me and pausing only to rid herself of the few flimsy garments she had on, she pushed me firmly down onto the bed and began to unbuckle the belt of my

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AN APOLOGY

Dear Readers,

Look, I'm sorry if you've been anxiously waiting to discover the winners of the Austin Legrew contest we held back in 1903, but I'm afraid that due to production difficulties (yeah, yeah, sure), we've been unable to select firm winners. It's not easy when you've got a hangover and a deadline, I can tell you. However, I am poised to contact the winners by letter, so don't start phoning your solicitors yet!

Yours apologetically,

The Ed.

FINAL SCORE

Surveys are dangerous things, since they can often contain misleading information garnered from a minimal number of members of the public. But a survey of survey answers provides you with a much larger cross-section to work with and produces some surprising answers. This one covers many of the largest sex surveys conducted over the past twenty years.

1. 43% of married women surveyed had affairs, although less than half enjoyed them.
2. 63% of women surveyed enjoyed using pornographic magazines and films.
3. 20% of women questioned had posed nude for photos.
4. 10% of women surveyed had had sex on a train.
5. 80% of women and 80% of men surveyed said they would use a condom when making love with a new partner.
6. Of those questioned, 24% of women said they never orgasm during intercourse.
7. 82% of women asked, said they masturbated regularly, while 96% of those who did regularly orgasmed during self-stimulation.
8. 3% of women surveyed complained their partner's penises were too small.
9. 60% of women asked said they were turned on by a well-developed male body, but most women think that a firm bottom is the most important feature in a man.
10. 16% of women surveyed reported having had at least one lesbian encounter.

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trousers. As soon as she had pushed the offending garment out of the way, she stroked my prick through the fabric of my underpants before slowly peeling them out of the way as well. My prick reared up and she reached out for it, running her hands slowly up and down the length of its flesh. Her fingers were as light and cool as butterflies and the sensation was almost unbearable. Then she slowly bent forward and took my prick into the warmth of her mouth, running her tongue around the helmet and blowing gently on it at the same time.

She continued to do this for some time before sensing that if she went any further I would be filling her mouth with cream. She crawled back up my body, reaching down and taking hold of my prick she rubbed it against the folds of her cunt lips before guiding it home. She sat like this for a few moments, my prick filling her very willing cunt, and then she began to move, slowly at first and then her movements speeded up. As she moved up and down, I matched her movements and thrust myself up into her body. I reached up and began to feel her tits, kneading them as if they were two lumps of fleshy dough. Finally she began to shudder and her cunt tightened around my prick as an orgasm rippled through her. She fell forward onto me and lay panting for a moment before looking at me and smiling.

"Thank you," she whispered. I felt it was more her need than my technique that had brought about the orgasm but I didn't say anything. "You haven't come off you?" she said in surprise. And then she smiled wickedly. "How would you like me?" she asked. I didn't know what to say. For some strange reason I felt embarrassed. She laughed and said, "I know what you want." Climbing off me, she stood in front of a pile of boxes and bent over so that her glorious bum was presented to me.

"Come on then," she purred, "I'm waiting for you."

I needed no second bidding. Climbing off the bed, I walked over to her and knelt down behind her. Holding on to her bum, I licked her all over, starting at the top of her legs and working my way along until I came to the valley in-between. Then I gently sucked her cunt and ran my tongue up inside it. She moved her hips so that she was thrusting back into my face.

I kept this up for some time until I could hold out no longer. Standing up, I bent my knees slightly, brushed my prick over the entrance to her tight hole and thrust myself inside her. I was so worked up that I knew I wouldn't be able to hold out for very long. She seemed to sense this as well and as I rammed into her, she pushed herself back onto me. After a few moments, I felt the spunk in my balls begin to rise up my prick and then it spurted deep inside her womb. She wiggled her hips around my cock as if to get every last drop of spunk from me. I finally pulled out of her and as my knees began to buckle, I sat down on the bed. She came over to me and sat down, kissing me lightly on the mouth as she did so. "I've wanted you to do that to me for ages but you didn't seem interested." she said, softly. "I've wanted to do it too but I just never seemed to get the chance to ask you," I replied. Looking at my watch I found it was almost two o'clock.

We dressed hurriedly and left the back room and entered the office. Much to our horror, Mick was sat in the office, a cheese sandwich in one hand and a cup of tea in the other.

"Been doing the stock taking has she?" he asked me with a grin on his face. I knew that I didn't have to lie to Mick. I shrugged my shoulders and smiled. "Something like that," I answered. "And did he give you a hand?" Mick asked Sue. "And other things besides," laughed Sue. It was the first time I knew her to have an answer for Mick.

– D., Rochester.

Neighbourly Nooky

I always read your magazine and I love the letters. I am 18 years old and I have a 33-20-34 figure. Like some of your models, I shave my pubic hair, I like to feel the smoothness. I am still a virgin apart from masturbating with different objects.

I was on my own, sitting on

Weirdsville

Weirdsville

HEADLINE OF THE MONTH

NUDIST NABBED: UNCLOTHED MAN, WHO ADMITS BRANDISHING PISTOL, IS CHARGED WITH CARRYING CONCEALED WEAPON (Providence Journal)

THEY WOULDN'T GIVE A **** FOR ANYTHING ELSE

On International Women's Day, a survey of 1,500 Australians revealed that one-fifth of them believe it quite acceptable to kick or beat a wife if she disobeys or fails to keep the house clean

FROM THE POLICE FILE

Indianapolis police officer Timothy Day was hospitalized when the wind blew into his face the contents of a sack of cocaine he had seized as evidence.

In two separate incidents in Washington DC and Oakland Park, Florida, hit-and-run drivers were themselves killed within minutes by other hit-and-run drivers.

Daniel Lopez of Carlsbad, New Mexico, was arrested for shooting his live-in girlfriend. "Wouldn't you be mad," he asked, "if all you had to eat was green beans all the time?"

A TAXI DRIVER MOANS . . .

For a 1,350 mile journey to Austin, Texas, a Los Angeles taxi driver accepted a $1,000 cheque. It bounced.

OOPS!

The American Embassy in Bonn prepared an information package to welcome Secretary of State Charles Shultz. Unfortunately, the Secretary of State was George Schultz – Charles is the cartoonist who draws the 'Peanuts' strip.

Edward Jackal in The Day of the Fox. (Libyan cinema poster) the settee, watching TV. I began to feel sexy, I wasn't wearing a bra and I began to feel my nipples harden. I started stroking my tits under my blouse after I undid the buttons. My nipples stood erect as I looked down at them. I pulled my skirt up and placed my hand on my panties – they felt wet with my come, I lay back and closed my eyes as I slid my hand inside my panties and touched my swollen clitoris.

I began to masturbate harder and harder. I opened my legs wide apart as I plunged my fingers up my cunt. Then I heard a voice say, "I can do it better than that, Vicky." I opened my eyes and there stood my next door neighbour Pat. I began to blush but Pat just said, "Get undressed Vicky." I took my clothes off then Pat stripped off. She is about 53 but she still has a marvellous body. Without saying a word, her lips met mine. Her tongue thrust my lips apart and entered my mouth touching my tongue sensually. I melted into her arms, my breasts against hers. I felt her nipples rise as she whispered in my ear, "Do what I say and you won't regret it."

She told me to lay down. Pat knelt beside me, her hands on my tits. She then took my nipple in her mouth. I felt her hands move down over my heaving stomach to my cunt. Her finger tips scraped my clitoris, then back up my gaping cunt. I began to come. Pat slid down my body and began to suck all my juices. Then Pat said, "It's your turn now, Vicky."

Pat sat down and made me kneel in front of her. She said, "Kiss my nipples." I took hold of her tits and began to fondle them. Her nipples went hard as I began to suck. Then Pat told me to move down her body. Pat opened her legs as she lay back, her shaven cunt looked so inviting. I opened her cunt, her clitoris was red as my tongue touched it, then as I began to suck it, it became bigger. Pat moaned, so I pushed my fingers up her cunt and began to masturbate her. As Pat gasped with pleasure she moaned, "Oh Vicky, keep your mouth on my clitoris as you wank me off."

Suddenly Pat shuddered, her cunt was full of her hot creamy come. Pat said, "Take it all Vicky." I began to suck, my mouth soon filled with it, Pat then took me in her arms and kissed me. A I swallowed all her love juices. I said to Pat, "You were right, I did enjoy it." Pat replied, "I've something even better next time Vicky, if you want a next time." I told her I wanted it anytime.

– V., Lancs.

PUN-ILINGUS

Button-hole:
A cunny that's harder to get to than one that's behind a zip.

Centre-pieces:
The middleman in a me´nage a` trois.

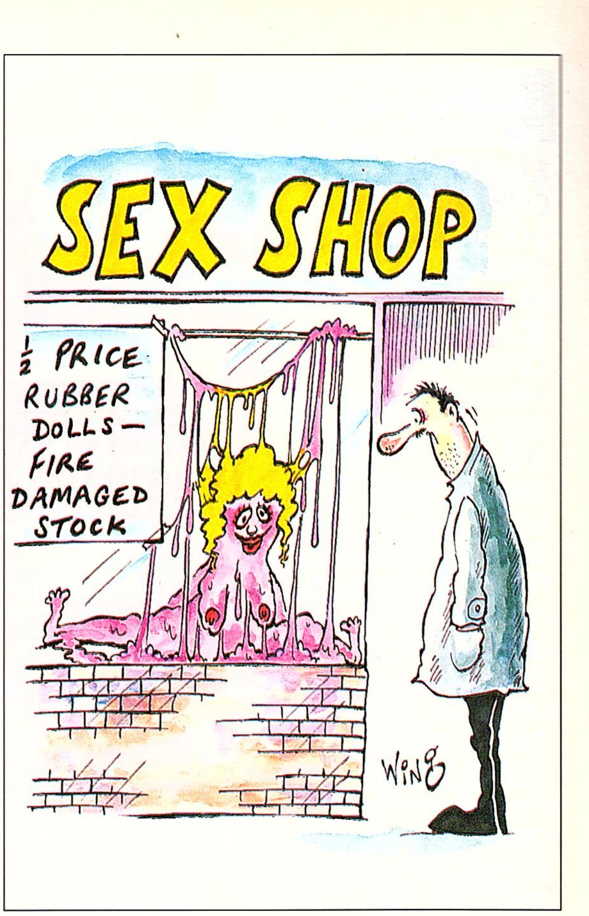
Cockteaser:
A chicken that crosses the road everytime a rooster comes close, or is close to coming, anyway.

Cold shower:
Fall-out from a sneeze.

Contraceptive:
Sperminator.

Cool-de-sac:
Put ice-cubes in the male models' Y-fronts to keep them from becoming XXX-fronts in an underwear advert.

Disappointing lover:
A swordsman with a dull blade.


SEX SHOP
½ PRICE RUBBER DOLLS – FIRE DAMAGED STOCK
WinG

Dare To Shag And Shave

Every so often my wife and I play a game called Sex Dares. As you can probably guess it is a simple game where we dare each other to do sexy things. Just before last Christmas we where playing Sex Dares and as usual we both ended up naked. It was about 2.30am and I dared Helena to go for a run around our small block, complely naked. She quickly stood up, ran outside and 90 seconds later came back completely out of breath. She dared me to do the same. Just before I arrived back I bumped into a chap who looked as embarrassed as I did. As I explained what I was doing he got very interested, and an idea hit me. As I entered the house I looked at Helena and said, "It's my turn to dare you, I want you to fuck Jim," and pulled in my new found friend. Jim smiled at my wife, she seemed hesitant but smiled back at him and stretched out her hands to him. She loved the idea.

She soon had his clothes off and was kissing him passionately. Helena was about 6 years older than him, (she is 47) but still looks very good with high firm tits, long legs and a really hairy bush. Jim put both his hands under Helena's bum and lifted her up. She wrapped both her legs round his waist and squeezed him tightly. "Let's go to the bedroom," she whispered, and Jim carried her upstairs with myself following. Once in the bedroom he put her on the bed and kissed her nipples. He started to chew on her right nipple so I took my place on her left one.

Helena was sighing out loud with pleasure and gasped as my hand found her clitoris. "Fuck me, Ted," she screamed. He moved from his position and I got on top of her and plunged my 7" cock into her damp pussy. Her cunt muscles gripped my prick tightly and as I got into my rhythm Helena started to moan. She suddenly stopped moaning, because Jim had offered his 7" dick to her, and she hungrily put it into her mouth. With her right hand she wanked Jim's shaft whilst licking his helmet.

Just before I came, I pulled out and wanked my load all over her tits and stomach, which she seductively rubbed in. Jim came soon after and he also came on her tits. Jim then positioned himself on his knees between Helena's legs. He kissed her thighs, she grabbed his head and pushed it between her fanny lips. But Jim refused to lick her cunt because he didn't like the taste of pubic hair. "Let's shave it then," Helena suggested.

Thirty seconds later I had a pair of scissors and a razor in my hands. Between us, Jim and I clipped her pubes and then shaved her until she was bald. We had to stop a

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CRIME & PUNISHMENT

THE BIG STEAL

Through Sewers To A Fortune

If you can't do the time, don't do the crime, the saying goes. Criminals have always enjoyed a certain notoriety in the media, even the most hideous of killers enjoys his or her 15 minutes of infamy. In a new series, Knave takes a look at some of the most notorious crimes of the past few decades, as well as some of the ones which baffled the authorities. This month, Geoffrey Humphrys looks at a cunning robbery that kept the police guessing...

What became known as the crime of the century was completed in the early hours of July 19, 1976, but it took a gang of workmen the whole day to discover that it had happened. The man who masterminded it took two years working out a detailed plan, recruiting a reliable gang of helpers and finally escaping with a fortune. Even then they left another fortune behind, largely made up of valuables that might lead to their capture, if and when they tried to dispose of them.

The scene of the crime was the Société Générale bank in Nice, whose insurers, Lloyd's of London, had pronounced its underground vault safe as impregnable. The man who proved them wrong was Albert Spaggiari, an ex-para-tropper in the French army, who had fought in the Indo-China war and commanded many daring special service operations.

After his discharge from the armed forced, Albert appeared to settle down quite happily to civilian life. A cheerful and popular man, he soon became well-known and well-liked throughout the city and market places of Nice, establishing a reputation as a successful photographer. He also bought a piece of land in the country, and with his pretty wife Audie, started a chicken farm as a profitable sideline hobby.

The safe door of the vault, entered from the bank, weighed 20 tonnes and breaking into it seemed virtually impossible.

He first began to consider the idea of robbing the so-called impregnable bank vault quite by chance. He had an account at the bank which entitled him to use one of the 300 safe deposit boxes in the vault. While inspecting some legal papers in his own box one day, his alert brown eyes noticed the absence of any apparent interior security system alarms.

The safe door of the vault, entered from the bank, weighed 20 tonnes and breaking into it seemed virtually impossible. This could be the only reason for not installing hidden sensors inside the vault itself. Even so, although no trace of them could be seen, it did not mean that they were not there. This had to be checked, so Albert left a powerful alarm clock in his safe deposit box to see what happened when it went off during the night. He waited in hiding outside the bank, but nothing happened, no appearance of security men or police. This suggested that the noise inside the vault did not trigger off any other alarms. Unless, of course, the alarm in the box had failed to operate. Albert took it away, thoroughly checked every detail many times and could not fault it.

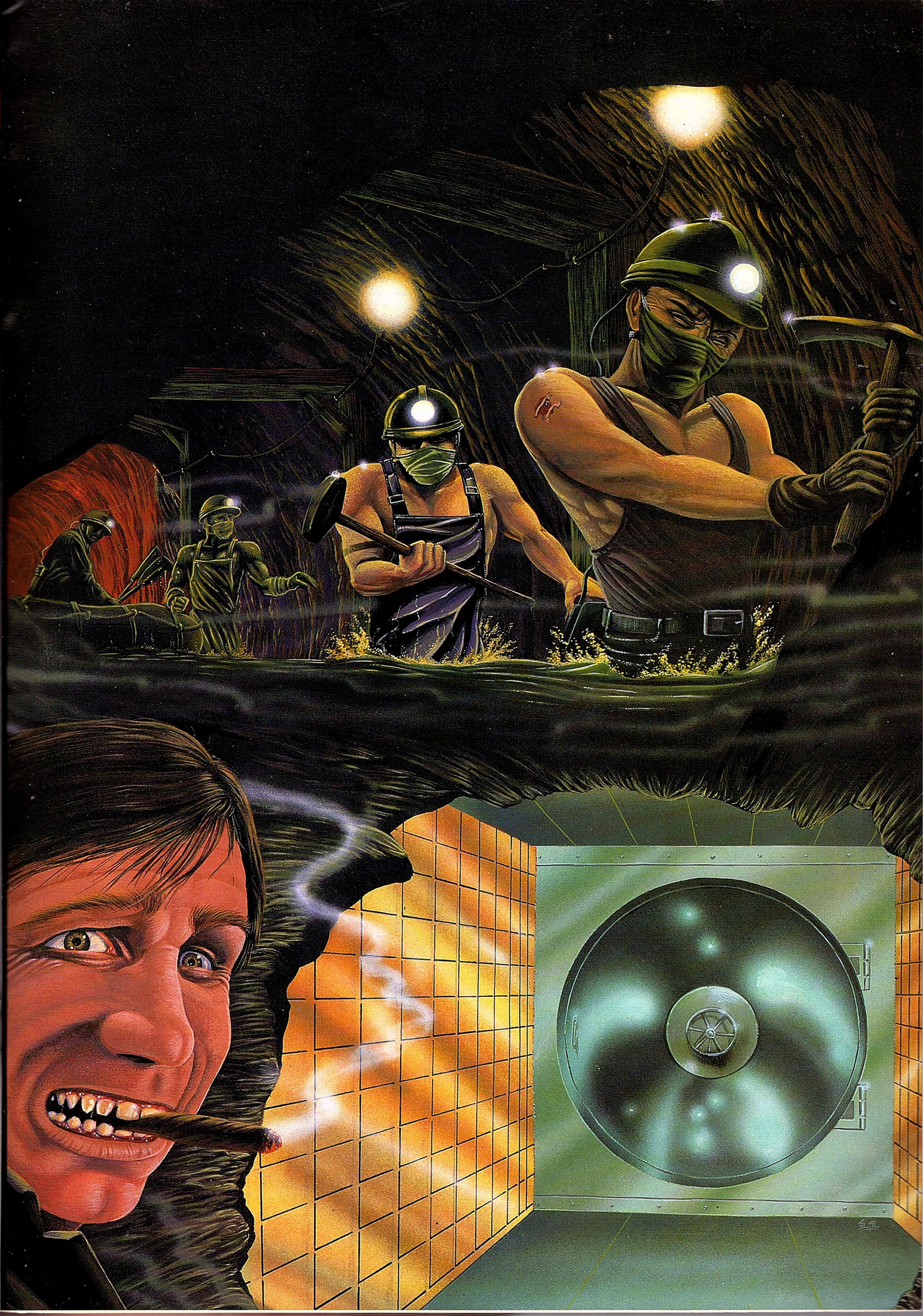
He next replaced the alarm in his deposit box, setting it to sound during the day. Again there was no sign of the alarm causing any unusual activity inside the bank. This indicated that if he could get into the vault, no warning would sound outside, the security system based on entry only being possible through the massive vault safe door.

Albert repeated all checks once again before accepting that his deductions so far were correct. He next visited the Town Hall to study maps of Nice's unique sewer system. He searched until he found what he was hoping for, that at one point a sewer ran to within 10 metres of the bank vault wall.

With photographs of key sections of the system, Albert made a series of detailed inspections of the sewers. His thoughts were now concentrated on gaining entry into the vault, not through the safe door, but by digging a tunnel to the sewer-side wall and breaking in that way.

He found an ideal place for entering the sewers, a manhole in a nearby car park, containing a generator which could be tapped into to provide light and power. The sewers were linked with the underground River Paillon, and in parts were big enough to drive a car through, in other places barely wide enough for a man to crawl along.

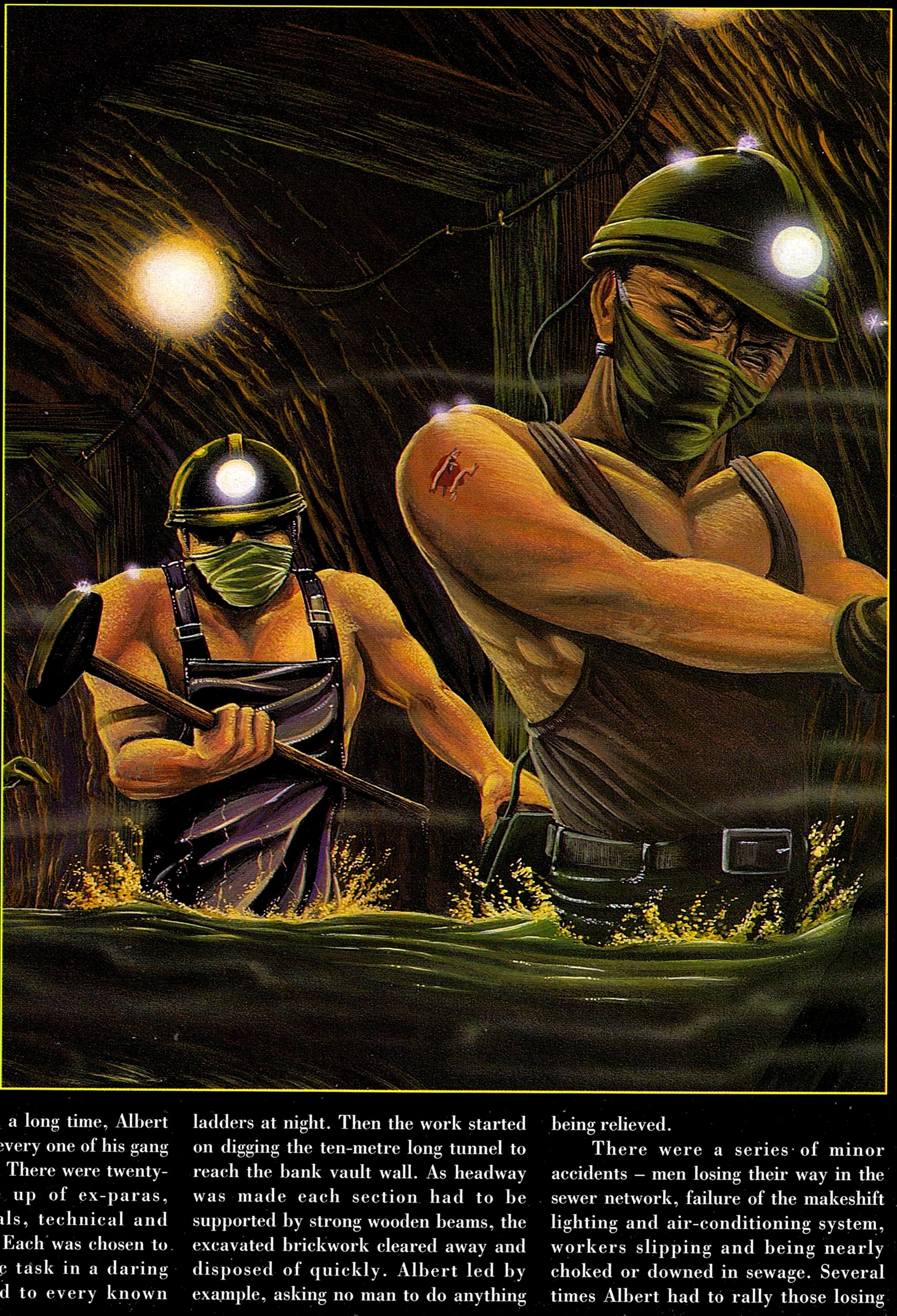
Painstakingly, he mapped out a route for carrying tools and equipment to the start of the tunnel, then a suitable outlet for disposing of the debris excavated. After numerous visits making sketch maps, Albert felt sure that what he envisaged could be done. It would be risky. It would be dangerous, but it



could be done. So he needed a group of men to help him make a fortune for all of them.

Initially, Albert approached the Marseilles family of the Maffia and explained his plan. The local Godfather listened intently, but in the end shook his head saying, "It's a crazy scheme that's sure to fail." "But I've checked everything," protested Albert, "it can be done." "OK, then you do it," responded the Godfather, "I wish you luck if you try to prove me wrong."

Disappointed, Albert had to seek another source of manpower. Convinced he was right, he began making inquiries as to the whereabouts of some of the tough, ruthless, resourceful ex-paras who had served with him in the Army. They would have the capacity for physical hard labour under appalling conditions, be able to keep their mouths shut throughout the long operation, but above all, be prepared to obey his orders at all times without question.



Although it took a long time, Albert personally selected every one of his gang of super sewer rats. There were twenty-two in all, made up of ex-paras, hardened criminals, technical and demolition experts. Each was chosen to perform a specific task in a daring operation planned to every known detail. But working in the sewers unknown details could emerge and cause problems, even total failure. The Marseilles Godfather's reluctance to be involved emphasised the risks.

Bit by bit the necessary tools and equipment were lowered down manhole ladders at night. Then the work started on digging the ten-metre long tunnel to reach the bank vault wall. As headway was made each section had to be supported by strong wooden beams, the excavated brickwork cleared away and disposed of quickly. Albert led by example, asking no man to do anything that he would not take his share of doing himself. Night after night as the city slept, the human sewer rats worked, often deep in slime, the choking fumes frequently so nauseating that even the strongest could not continue for more than thirty minutes without being relieved.

There were a series of minor accidents – men losing their way in the sewer network, failure of the makeshift lighting and air-conditioning system, workers slipping and being nearly choked or downed in sewage. Several times Albert had to rally those losing

PEN POWER PLUS

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number of times whilst doing it as Helena had a number of orgasms due to our misplaced fingers. When it was finished, all three of us trailed our fingers over the smooth area. She commented on how cool and sexy it felt. I started to kiss her mound and Jim did the same thing. Helena held her twat open and we both flicked our tongues over her cunny. As Jim sucked on her clit I somehow managed to push my tongue deep into her fanny and this triggered off a multiple orgasm. She later mentioned that this was the most devastating thing that had ever happened to her. Helena then turned onto her stomach and pushed her bum into the air. I offered her my dick and she started to slowly suck me off. Jim put the tip of his cock to her minge and slowly worked it in. Each time he pumped, she rocked back so as to meet his thrusts. Jim was breathing really heavily, and it wasn't long before he spunked right up her. As he pulled out I replaced him and rammed my solid length straight in before I climaxed. Come was running from her lips, down her thighs and onto the bed. Helena plunged three fingers up her fanny and frigged herself into a heavy orgasm. We then all climbed between the sheets and fell asleep with Helena's fingers wrapped around our pricks.

I was woken about 5am by the sound of both Jim and Helena. I looked across in time to see Jim's hands grip her hips and lift her onto his prick. She sat down on him and took him to the hilt. I watched in fascination as Helena quickly raised her bum off his cock and quickly slam down on him again. Her cunt lips were stretched really wide and they were making a honry slurping noise. Her own hands were rolling her nipples, she had her eyes closed and her mouth slightly open. Every time she raised herself off him I could see his dick glistening with her love juices. As she came, she collapsed in a heap on top of Jim.

I woke up again at dawn to hear Helena say, "Oh God, it's so hard and so hot, it's burning me up." With that, she gripped his foreskin gently, and slowly pulled it back and forth. His helmet was incredibly large and was a deep purple colour. Her tongue licked the end for a couple of minutes and then her lips covered his prick. As her head bobbed up and down in his lap he met her thrusts with his own, as if he was fucking her mouth. His prick twitched a couple of times and he grabbed her hair to let her know that he was on the verge of coming. She placed her mouth about 1" above jim's shaft and as she pulled his skin, he let fly. She didn't miss a drop of his spunk, her tongue lapped it all up.

As she licked his knob the tension became too much for me and I came all over her thigh. As she swallowed all his come she gave Jim a small kiss, and then she went downstairs and made our breakfast. She was still naked and come was still trickling down her legs. Jim went home shortly after and promised to bring his wife round. So far we haven't seen them but I will let you know if we do.

– T., Manchester.

The Editor's Arse

Dragging myself out from underneath a pile of Penpower letters, I was delighted to find yet another entry for this section of the magazine. It's nice to know that there are plenty of bott watchers out there! Martin from Surrey is one of the many new readers we seem to be attracting, and takes an almost metaphysical look at rears, he says:

"New to your publication, I was introduced to the flavour of your style in Vol.23 No.10, by a chance reading of a letter from an anonymous reader extolling the virtues of female bottoms.

"I too suffer similar indignations of being reduced to a jibbering idiot when confronted by a beautiful, knicker-clad female rear. Ever since I can remember, these gorgeous wobbly bits have held a special significance to me. Particularly when pressed against thin silky fabric.

"The original act of sin, I believe, was not a bite taken from the Forbidden Fruit, but a healthy gnawing on Eve's buttocks. That savouring of carnal delights caused man's eternal damnation.

"Deep within my psyche is the sheer envy of these delicious derriers, and I can only imagine what it would be like by women wearing apparel that houses such a magnificent rear."

I don't know if Martin means that he'd like to have a woman's bott himself, or what, since it's all a bit deep for me! However, I do know that a pair of knicks is winging its way to you Martin! If you'd like to get in on the Editor's Arse and win a pair of pants, send your entry, espousing the virtues of the female rear, to: The Editor's Arse, Knave, PO Box 312, Witham, Essex, CM8 3SZ.

Naked Tits In The Moonlight

I feel I ought to write to you about an episode that happened to me a short while ago, and one that I will remember for a long, long time to come.

Let me say that the woman's name has been changed to protect her at work. We had known each other for about six months before what I am about to tell you happened. The party was almost at an end, lots of people were drunk . Gemma was about to leave when, as I was walking behind her, she turned and knocked my drink out of my hands. "Clumsy," I said. Her eyes focused on me and a smile spread across her face. "Hello, Allen," she said. "Hello, Gemma," I replied, "how's the P.R. job coming along? Got off to a good start here haven't we!" "Well apart from this little accident, yes," she said. "About to go were you?" I asked. "Yes, I have to be at work in the morning," she explained, "it's a pity we didn't see each other earlier on." "You look stunning with that dress on," I commented. "Thank you," she said, "do you find the party a bit dull now?" she asked, so matter-of-factly. The glint in her eyes told me she wanted to be in bed, and not necessarily her own. "Pardon?" My ears couldn't have heard what they did, or could they? "Will you take me home?" she said. "Yes," I replied.

The silence as we walked to the car was almost unbearable, neither of us knowing what to say. I opened the car door for her, and as she went to get in, our eyes met, the moonlight was the only illumination, and her face shone beautifully in its pale light.

We kissed, hesitantly at first, but after a few seconds, more passionately. Our tongues probed deep into each others mouths, our saliva mixing. She wrapped her arms around my shoulders, I wrapped mine heart and remind them of the ultimate reward. During the day he went about Nice, chatting to everyone, smiling and putting over a carefree attitude.

SYSTEMATICALLY THEY WORKED THROUGH THE SAFE DEPOSIT BOXES, PUTTING ASIDE WHAT THEY INTENDED TAKING, TOSSING AWAY ANYTHING THAT MIGHT INCRIMINATE THEM IF TRACED.

At last, after all the hardships, Albert and his sewer rats reached the end of their burrowed tunnel and were faced by the outer bank wall, a one and a half metre thickness of reinforced concrete encasing the vault safe. A hydraulic lever had been moved into place to shift the last barrier to the untold treasures within the safe itself.

Albert gave the order for the final breakthrough soon after the bank staff had gone home for the weekened. Even with the hydraulic equipment, the final push proved hard work for all of them. Then came the actual breakthrough. It was hard to restrain the desire to cheer, but Albert had instilled in them the stupidity of risking any sound being heard above, no matter how unlikely.

So the objective was achieved in silence. A group of sweating men huddled together, their eyes fixed on the gaping hole through which two men clambered to weld tight the door leading to the bank from the inside. This would ensure that they could not be interrupted from the bank. In the sewers, they had rubber dinghies ready to carry away loot to lorries waiting in strategic positions near manholes.

With eyes glinting, Albert gave his final sewer briefing. “While the inside door is being welded, sit quiet and rest. We are all tired men, and tired men can make mistakes. We have over 300 safe deposit boxes to open, so take only money, gold that can be melted down and items that cannot be traced to us. Do everything as you have been directed. We have ample time, no need to hurry or panic, but don’t waste a moment unnecessarily.”

The signal came from inside that all was ready. One by one the sewer rats crawled through the hole towards the fortune, the thought of which had kept them going when things were at their worst. Systematically they worked through the safe desposit boxes, putting aside what they intended taking, tossing away anything that might incriminate them if traced, no matter how valuable. It was an operation that had been planned with military precision and it went without a hitch.

The last to leave the vault, Albert picked up a lump of displaced plaster and daubed on the wall – “Without hate. Without arms. Without violence. Thank you.” Satisfied, he gave a jaunty salute, grinned and joined his retreating group of sewer rats for their last trip through the stinking underground waterways. This time they were pushing rubber dinghies that contained a fortune.

After a weekend at his holiday home, the manager of the Socie´te´ Ge´ne´rale Bank arrived on Monday morning to prepare for the start of business. Jacques Guenet, 60-year-old and a former French international rugby player, had enjoyed the weekend and was not too perturbed when three anxious security guards greeted him with the news that the safe deposit vault door would not open. He shrugged and said, “It has happened before. The company who installed the safe will soon put it right. I’ll phone them straight away.”

The experts arrived within half an hour, but after a thorough examination came to the conclusion that there must be something behind the massive door holding it shut. “That means somebody is inside it. Impossible,” gasped Guenet.

Within an hour he had a team of men working with oxy-acetylene burners, laser-beam torches and high explosives to break into the vault. It took them all day to make a hole big enough for a man to crawl through. A group of anxious bank officials stood around the hole waiting. The man wriggled back and gasped, “There’s a hole at the other side. We’ve been robbed!”

Big Jacques Guenet, former front row forward of the scrum, fainted.

Subsequent examination of the vault revealed the thoroughness of Albert’s men. Every safe deposit box had been opened. They were strewn all over the floor, and among them empty wine bottles, scraps of food and cigarette ends indicating that it was no rushed job. About two tons of tools and equipment were left behind, as well as mink coats, pearl necklaces, diamond bracelets, and in one heap, a ruby worth £500,000 – reckoned to be the most valuable in Europe. What had been taken was estimated at over £7 million.

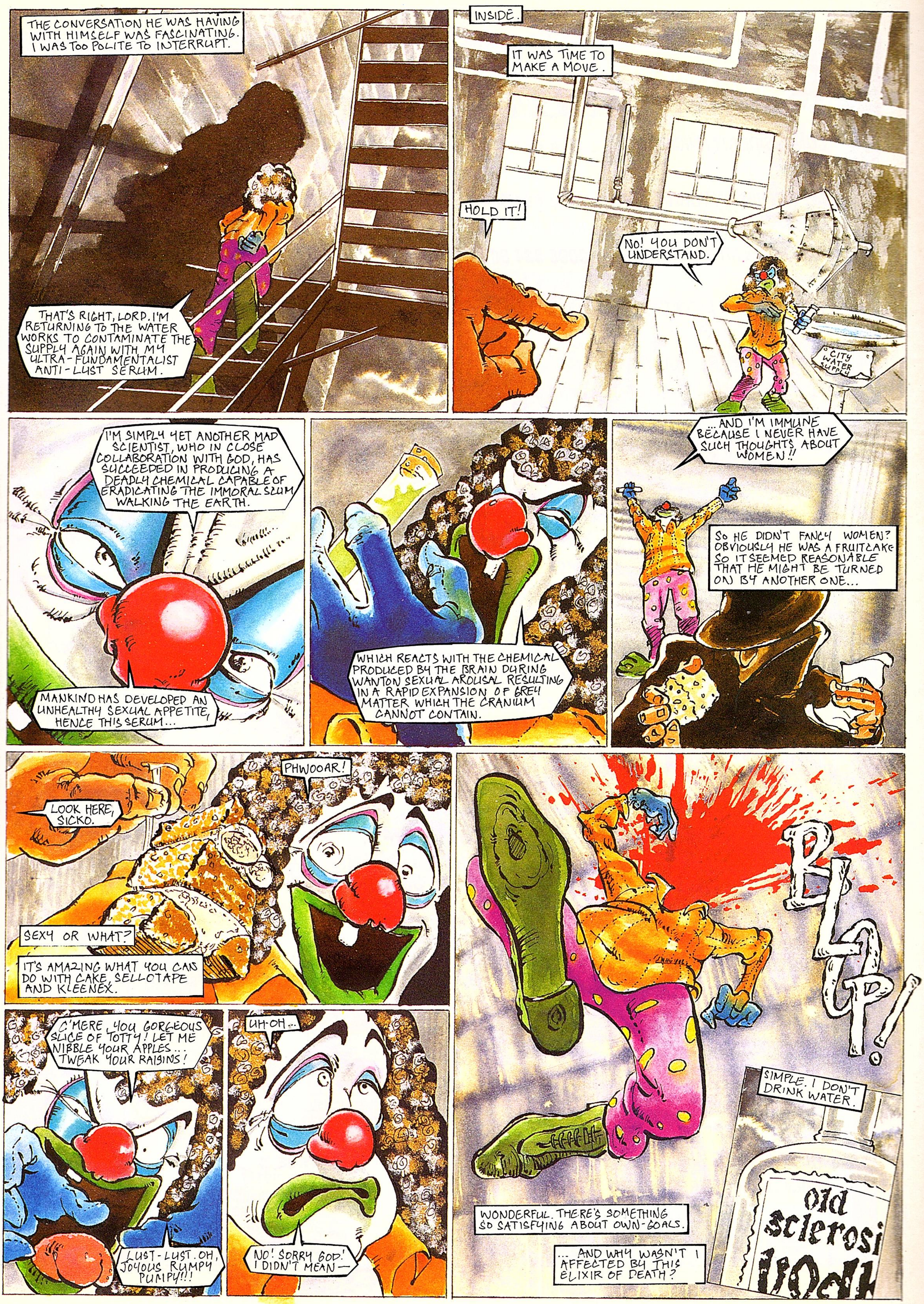
ABOUT TWO TONS OF TOOLS AND EQUIPMENT WERE LEFT BEHIND, AS WELL AS MINK COATS, PEARL NECKLACES, DIAMOND BRACELETS, AND IN ONE HEAP, A RUBY WORTH £500,000.

Newspaper reporters swarmed around the bank when the news leaked out. During the next few days the French press made great play of the gang of sewer rats pulling off the crime of the century. When the police later suspected that Albert Spaggiari had masterminded the crime, he became a folk hero among ordinary French people. Many wept when, 101 days after the robbery, the police announced that they had arrested the culprit.

Albert appeared smiling and puffing a big cigar. He said to detectives, “All the money you’re seeking has been given to a patriotic organsiation called Catena.”

Catena is the Latin word for chain, and there was no such organisation. They never found any of the money, but not long after his arrest Albert was taken from prison to be interviewed by a State Prosecutor. He smilingly co-operated in anything asked of him, until judging the right moment, dodged round his guards, ran to a first floor window and jumped from it, landed on the roof of a car, forward rolled off it, then mounted the pillion of a waiting motor bike

He has never been seen since.


THE CONVERSATION HE WAS HAVING WITH HIMSELF WAS FASCINATING. I WAS TOO POLITE TO INTERRUPT.
THAT'S RIGHT, LORD. I'M RETURNING TO THE WATER WORKS TO CONTAMINATE THE SUPPLY AGAIN WITH MY ULTRA-FUNDAMENTALIST ANTI-LUST SERUM.
INSIDE.
IT WAS TIME TO MAKE A MOVE.
HOLD IT!
NO! YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND.
CITY WATER SUPPLY
I'M SIMPLY YET ANOTHER MAD SCIENTIST, WHO IN CLOSE COLLABORATION WITH GOD, HAS SUCCEEDED IN PRODUCING A DEADLY CHEMICAL CAPABLE OF ERADICATING THE IMMORAL SCUM WALKING THE EARTH.
MANKIND HAS DEVELOPED AN UNHEALTHY SEXUAL APPETITE, HENCE THIS SERUM...
WHICH REACTS WITH THE CHEMICAL PRODUCED BY THE BRAIN DURING WANTON SEXUAL AROUSAL RESULTING IN A RAPID EXPANSION OF GREY MATTER WHICH THE CRANIUM CANNOT CONTAIN.
... AND I'M IMMUNE BECAUSE I NEVER HAVE SUCH THOUGHTS ABOUT WOMEN!!
SO HE DIDN'T FANCY WOMEN? OBVIOUSLY HE WAS A FRUITCAKE SO IT SEEMED REASONABLE THAT HE MIGHT BE TURNED ON BY ANOTHER ONE...
LOOK HERE, SICKO.
PHWOOAR!
SEXY OR WHAT?
IT'S AMAZING WHAT YOU CAN DO WITH CAKE, SELLOTAPE AND KLEENEX.
C'MERE, YOU GORGEOUS SLICE OF TOTTY! LET ME NIBBLE YOUR APPLES... TWEAK YOUR RAISINS!
LUST-LUST. OH, JOYOUS RUMPY PUMPY!!!
UH-OH...
NO! SORRY GOD! I DIDN'T MEAN—
BLOP!
WONDERFUL. THERE'S SOMETHING SO SATISFYING ABOUT OWN-GOALS.
... AND WHY WASN'T I AFFECTED BY THIS ELIXIR OF DEATH?
SIMPLE. I DON'T DRINK WATER.
old sclerosi

Problems are something we've all got. Yes, even the Knave team have the occasional worry. Usually we panic about whether or not those Gucci loafers match that Armani suit. Sometimes we even ask our fave problem solver, BETTE NOIR for advice. And this little page is where she hands it out...

What's YOUR PROBLEM?

Q: My girlfriend's switched to a diaphragm, but is afraid it could possibly slip out of position during particularly active sex. Could you advise, please? - M.N., Ashford.

A: It could, conceivably - slip away slightly from the vaginal walls. It's more likely to happen when she's on top and he keeps repositioning himself. But it's unlikely, since the diaphragm's sized correctly by the doctor for a snug fit.

Q: I love having sex with my girl - who wouldn't? She's beautiful - but what's beginning to worry me is, preferring to be wanked by her. I can come better with her when I imagine bringing myself off. I'm 22. Is this something that I should be concerned with? Do other men my age have this? - C.L., Bradford.

A: It's pretty common knowledge that both sexes often have stronger orgasms from masturbation that from straight fucking. But often the emotions involved reverses things because of the extra trust and affection - quality making up for less firm action. Sometimes getting older changes things, too. If it hasn't interfered with you or her sex life or your relationship, then you don't have a problem. Otherwise, you'd be cheating yourself not to continue exploring your sexuality together - differing positions and techniques for the hottest response. And, if you can, concentrate a little less on getting your rocks off by your hands - you're missing subtleties of sensation (VERY hot) that come from vaginas, mouths, inbetween breasts, ass-cheeks . . . oooh, yeah.

Q: A woman I want very much to have sex with has asked me to wait for a while, which I'm willing to do. It helps that she loves oral sex. But it hurts her when I've tried to insert one finger inside, much less a seven inch prick. What do I do? - M.J., Glasgow.

A: She's telling you she's not ready - neither is her body - she isn't lubricating enough. Why she's drawn the line, for the time being, at entry when she's obviously happy with your tongue on her is her affair. She might be afraid, consciously or not, of pain. Easy does it, a very well-lubricated finger (hers, to begin with), a little at a time until she feels familiar with something inside her, and more patience should do the trick. Your finger (one, then two) while your tongue's arousing her clitoris will get her there.

Q: I was wondering if premature ejaculation has anything to do with age. I've read that young men suffer from the condition, but that they outgrow it in time. Since I'm young, you can understand my curiosity! - C.B., London.

A: Well, sweetie, how young? Are you reading this with a torch under your pillow with a lot of other boys? It's the theory that young men are much more responsive in terms of the time it takes, not the interest, than older men (which is generally true), so they're more likely to get over-excited and shoot too soon. Men until about thirty can get erections about half-a-dozen times faster than, say, men of 55 - 60. Oh, figures, figures . . . just bear in mind that premature ejaculation's just there - in the mind! Young and therefore less experienced fellows haven't learned to identify and control the odd twitch and pulsation here and there that tells them a climax is coming. The more you hear about our body's responses, the better off you'll be. So RELAX!

Q: I've been using condoms since I began to have sex, which was only six or seven months ago! But I've recently been making up for lost time. They're unfortunately spoiling the mood. Everything's going along just fine, the suddenly I have to wrestle with the wrapper and the latex! Is there anything I can do to make things better? - Mark, Somerset

A: A perfect way, pet. Let her get in on the act to keep the mood from, er, going limp. If she's new at the game, some encouragement may help - hand or mouthwork from her can make putting on some safety part of the foreplay. One of the basic skills of an accomplished and considerate lover is rolling on a condom with the lips and tongue (and some slippery fingers, for the amateur) - I was taught that in my tender years by a very talented ex-courtesan, who suggest a supply of sausages and a stack of condoms to get me started! Oh, and unwrap a handful before the evening gets underway. It's an act which gets you both involved, which is sexy. So's a sense of humour!

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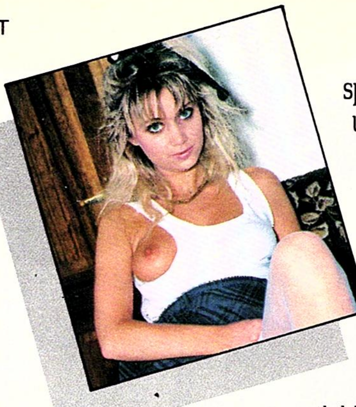

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RUDE

all about it!

The lines between pornography and the 'legitimate' media have become blurred lately, as more and more magazines and papers use sex as a marketing and sales tool. What's going on, is it right, is it fair? DAVID SPENSER doesn't seem to think so, and we let him blow off some editorial steam...

SEX
MPAN
G
MARC

If you spent any time at all last year reading magazines, papers or even wandering through newsagents, you can't have failed to notice a massive increase in the number of articles devoting themselves to sex. I don't mean pieces like this, or even magazines like *Knave*. No, no, we're still taboo as far as the legitimate media are concerned. The articles I'm talking about all appeared in respected mainstream titles.

Whether they were deep investigations into the nation's sexuality in the papers, or 'what's wrong with your sex life' pieces in women's magazines, the British media seemed to have a severe hormone problem last year. Initially, this new, candid response to sex by the British media might have been seen as hopeful; a new way ahead for anyone who likes to bonk, as sex is brought out of the closet. However, life rarely works like that and we were instead treated to a gamut of articles solely designed to boost the circulation of flagging magazines and papers that did their best to harangue pornography but at the same time titillate to the point of unseemly lubricity.

The problem with the media in this

country is the level of dishonesty and obvious hypocrisy which rules it. When 90% of the women's magazines in the UK feature sex surveys and ways to improve sex for women, but still attempt to remain somehow above pornography yet still retain a titillation value to stimulate readers, surely something is wrong. The papers are no better. They'd love to be able to shout about their erections and vaginal spasms from the rooftops of Wapping or Fleet Street, God knows, it would sell enough papers, but how can they do that when they want to maintain their self-styled images as guardians of public morality and decency?

RUDE

all about it!

The sad thing is that a lot of people are at pains to give their readers cheap thrills and yet remain aloof from us top shelf, brown envelope, filthpacket rags.

It would seem that discussing sex in established mainstream titles such as *Cosmopolitan*, *Company*, the tabloids and even the last-gasping sometime satirical *Punch* is alright simply because they have reputations which outweigh the porn side. Knave still has a vast taboo factor attached to it. If we were a bit less uptight about our tackle and received a bit more in the way of basic instruction, perhaps the market wouldn't be flooded with American 'how to' manuals and our magazines would be able to shake off their obvious hypocrisy. Yes, magazines like Knave are more explicit than the mainstream titles currently using sex as a sales tool, but we wouldn't be if there wasn't a demand for it. How many of you want to know about male grooming and the best shaving foam for your money?!

The sad thing is that a lot of people are at pains to give their readers cheap thrills and yet remain aloof from us top-shelf, brown-envelope, filthpacket rags. It really is quite pathetic when you think back and ask yourself where you first encountered colour pictures of a woman's sex organs. Was it laid bare in the centre pages of the paper, or lovingly and sensibly dealt with by a woman's magazine? Of course it wasn't, it was probably in a men's magazine. But because sex sells, everyone is in on the game and the country is crawling with would-be therapists and writers all scrabbling to tell us what's wrong with our sex lives.

If the British do have a big problem in bed and, with (according to *Punch*) fewer than 20% of married men revealing "their favourite forms of sex play to their wives", we must assume that we do, surely we should be talking about it. But no, instead we scurry around buying magazines whose cover lines promise to help us become the perfect lover, or sustain an erection for three and a half months and still look good in a toupee! Face it, if your girlfriend wants you to lick her pussy, or even just lie there gently stroking her back, wouldn't you rather be told? And if you want her to swallow your come, isn't it easier just to ask her, rather than buy *For Him*, *GQ* or *Esquire* only to find out that the pseudo men's magazines on the market are solely interested in helping you grow the perfect beard and sell you after shave - at the same time.

If there is one word to describe a lot of the magazines on the market today, it is: wank.

If there is one word to describe a lot of the magazines on the market today, it is: wank. They scratch the top of the thorny sex subject and quickly recede to check their sales figures and count their returns. Women fare better, with a selection of articles each month on sex. But the problem is that men are still seen as sitting ducks, that the lack of female

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MULTI-ORGASMIC LINES

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Undressed for your pleasure 0836 402 168
I'm cold without my panties on, I need warming up, any ideas? 0836 402 169
Join the cum club but you'll have to go through the initiation ceremony first! 0836 402 170

I'm a nymphomaniac and am ready to confess all! 0836 402 171
I'm having a wet dream and you're in it. 0836 402 172
Banana split with extra cream. 0836 402 173
I'll do anything to please you. 0836 402 174

HELLFIRE LINES

Ring this number for slippery exstasy. 0836 402 175
Sexational confessions. 0836 402 176
I guarantee satisfaction every time. 0836 402 177
4 in a bed and the little one said . . . . ! 0836 402 178
I'm always available to fulfill your every fantasy +desire. 0836 402 179
Experience extreme pleasure. 0836 402 180
Help! I've broken all my sex toys I need a new one. 0836 402 181

Warning! Do Not Ring This number if you are not hot for sex. 0836 402 182
Girlfriends, wives, boyfriends in tripple sex action! 0836 402 183
Everyone's welcome at our all night sex orgy. 0836 402 184
Ring the amazing climax line now! 0836 402 185
Juicy extreme close ups. 0836 402 186
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Can you satisfy me? I bet you can't I'm insatiable. 0836 403 384
Do as you're told. 0836 403 835
I'm still waiting. 0836 403 386

Take me across the desk. 0836 403 387
Gender benders. 0836 403 388
Little shop of knickers. 0836 403 389
Get filthy with the mud wrestlers. 0836 403 390
Grab my titties. 0836 403 681

EROTIC ECSTASY

Ring now for horny explicit sex action. 0836 403 682
Bra busting bonanza! 0836 403 684
Hear about the pub stripogram that got out of hand. 0836 403 685
Let me caress your instrument of pleasure. 0836 403 686
Call big mama now. 0836 403 687
Hear the confessions of Caligula. 0836 403 688
A thousand and one nights of lust. 0836 403 689
My lower lips are hard + demanding. 0836 403 690
Good time girls awaiting your orders. 0836 403 691

Mobile removal experts — sperm a speciality. 0836 403 692
How to rent a bed by the hour — with a sitting tenant! 0836 403 693
I'll send you to seventh heaven. 0836 403 694
Squeeze my flaps for orgasmic delights. 0836 403 695
Erotic pleasures await you when you dial. 0836 403 696
Mile High Club confessions. 0836 403 697
I can make you tremble at the knees. 0836 403 698
½ price Susan will give you a jump. 0836 403 699
Pillow talk from Amsterdam. 0836 403 382

BODICE RIPPERS

Women for hire. 0836 403 309
Up +down +in +out. 0836 403 310
Are you gusset hungry? 0836 403 311
Sex at the super market checkout. 0836 403 312
Ring the orgasmic party line. 0836 403 313
Listen in on a climax club meeting. 0836 403 314
My wife +the neighbour. 0836 403 315
Black stockings, white suspenders. 0836 403 316
Tight corset—no knickers. 0836 403 317
Get into the deep throbbing action. 0836 403 318
Get your college degree in sex. 0836 403 362
Two at once — four times the pleasure. 0836 403 363
Fondle this female flasher. 0836 403 364

PLEASURE BOUND

Brase yourself. 0836 403 678
My bum hurts just thinking about it. 0836 403 679
Bend over. Do it now! 0836 403 680
Bend over fun. 0836 402 834
Deep damp dungeons of desire. 0836 402 835
Bad boys ring now. 0836 402 836
Be my butler and pander to my every whim. 0836 402 837
Dungeons of Debauchery — the real story 0836 402 838
Harem of the depraved king. 0836 402 839
Wild blue fantasy. 0836 402 840
All pervs ring this line for a night you'll never forget! 0836 402 841
Fettish fantazia! 0836 402 842
Rampant, randy +reliable rubber. 0836 402 843
Leather queens have designs on you. 0836 402 844

BATHROOM BLOW OUT

Shaven raver desperate for sex. 0836 402 188
Cheek to cheek. 0836 402 189
Hairy German Frauline seeks man with razor. 0836 403 300
Slippery +wet in the bath. 0836 403 301
I've been used — find out how you can get sloppy seconds 0836 403 302

Have a spunking good time on — 0836 403 303
Bum fun. 0836 403 304
Heavy moisture. 0836 403 305
Hot steamy moves. 0836 403 306
Young tight and wet. 0836 403 307
Pulpy slippery, thrusting flesh. 0836 403 308

ORAL ACTION

Blow job on the M25. 0836 403 671
Instant juice extraction. 0836 403 672
'O' Level lust. 0836 403 673
Suck it and see. 0836 403 674
I'll blow your brains out. 0836 403 675
I'll blow your mind. 0836 403 676
I want to stick my tongue in your ear. 0836 403 677

LATEX LUST

Leather, rubber+rod. 0836 402 845
I've lost control — I need a firm hand. 0836 402 846
Be leathered by phone. 0836 402 847
Linda in Latex. 0836 402 848
I'll correct all your mistakes. 0836 402 849
On your knees! 0836 403 380
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and its fellows, on the other hand, discuss sex in a positive, get out and get to it, manner, as well as including letters from you about your experiences, but because we present it in a way designed to cause a furore in your trousers, we're slammed from the start. Who is more honest?

When *Punch* brought out their Autumn special on sex last year, I looked at it with something akin to hope, praying that they would take a balanced look at the world of sex in the media. Not a chance. Instead, they simply slagged off the women's magazines for accusing men of having a limited practical knowledge of female sexuality. Whine, whine, whimper, whimper. Mind you, all credit to them for trying to up sales figures which are lower than their opinion of men's magazines. When the men's magazine in general is dubbed a "top-shelf, brown-envelope, filthpacket rag" by *Punch* as it attempts to take an erudite, witty and - what I had hoped would be - liberal with a small 'l', look at the sexploitation of sex, I begin to get annoyed.

The British attitude to sex in general is the main problem here. Thanks to our Victorian forefathers, sex, that most natural of activities, orgasm is down to us. Ain't that a little unfair? What about blaming Victorians? Christ, if it wasn't for Queen Victoria, lesbianism would probably be legal. As it is, she could not believe two women would do that, so it doesn't even exist in the eyes of the law!

As women become increasingly more aware of their own sexuality, we're probably going to suffer even more as a sex. Last year, *Company* printed 36 pictures of cocks and the nicknames given to them. Where on earth is the journalistic merit in that? Surely it had nothing to do with sales figures? It had already been done by Jo Menell in his film *Dick*; 100 women interviewed, 1000 dicks exposed and all this in around 15 minutes! That was interesting, if pointless. Should we respond by printing 36 pussy shots along with nicknames? Of course not, because that's sexist, isn't it? But then if you're a *Punch* reader, this is just a rag anyway and no forum for real, sexually based debate. That kind of thing belongs in the pages of 'serious' magazines where it can be given the consideration and sensitivity such a subject deserves, especially if the MD comes down and tells you that your sales figures are slipping...

it happened to ME

Wild Sperm

"He'll put me to bed too!"

It was a great temptation to get fresh with Alf as we drove home. I had to fight back the urge to put my hand on his thigh and to press my tits to his arm. But the traffic was quite busy and it wouldn't have been fair to him. Half an hour later , we had Eric stripped and in his bed . I saw that little three inch cock , I looked up at Alf and he knew what was in my mind.

"Eleven inches of cock, and I was taking it all."

I set the ball rolling , the harlot in me was in full control. I led him through to our lounge and sat him in a settee. I poured him a stiff whisky with a neat gin for myself and nestled at his feet, between his huge thighs. I raised my glass, "To us, Alf . . . to tonight." I rubbed my cheek along his thigh, I could feel the shape of his cock .Wide-eyed , with parted lips, I looked up at him and winked, "Take it out, Alf . . . take it out . . . show me . . . please !" He stretched his giant's body, pulled down his zip, opened his belt and pushed his jeans down over his massive hips and thighs.There was his cock ! Still semi-hard, it was the living answer to every frustrated housewive's prayer. My mouth opened and my eyes rolled as it jerked and thickened. I took it in my hands, I stroked , licked , caressed and kissed it. It throbbed in my fingers and in my palms. Like the rest of his huge body, it was coal black. It mesmerised me by its size, its length and thickness. Despite my ever rising lust, I spent fully five minutes playing with it; easing back the thick, heavy foreskin to reveal a purple-black knob as big as my clenched fist.

I ran my lips round the ridge, there was a large drop of pre-come juice oozing out of his single 'eye'. I licked it off and allowed the pearl of sperm to roll over my tongue. I so desperately wanted to suck him , if I could. I opened my mouth as wide as I could and slowly fed him over my tongue, I gagged and gulped. My jaws were aching as I felt the tip touch the back of my throat. I lifted and fondled his colossal balls, I gently squeezed the base of his shaft, I saw and felt the great veins stand out and the whole cock began to quiver. Soon, it began to throb in my mouth. HIs cock was throbbing quite vigorously, I didn't want his first coming to shoot into my throat, that could come later. I wanted his first load of spunk where it really mattered, in my cunt, in my belly.

We stripped off in no time at all and the sight of his huge nakedness had me drooling. He reached out and touched me properly for the first time, his great black hands moving over my white flesh. He was a giant, but he was a

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resisted, and it was then that she had called for Elaine's assistance in subduing me. She, too, had joined in that evening, and a number of times since.

I went into Elaine's room and stood watching he for a while, admiring her firm body as she changed into her uniform. Eventually, she noticed me staring.

"Can't you wait? Claire'll be home at around 5.30" said Elaine, wiggling her arse at me and grinning wickedly.

"I know, and I was wondering if you'd do something for me, as a surprise for Claire when she comes home?"

"What did you have in mind?" That knowing grin was on her face again.

"To tie me to the bed?" I suggested.

"What a great idea, she'll love that!"

So I had a quick shower while Elaine finished packing. I lay down on the bed while Elaine took our handcuffs out of the drawer. Her large, firm breasts strained against her blouse as she stretched over me to secure my wrists to the headboard. Before long, I was bound hand and foot, as Elaine stood at the foot of the bed admiring my erect cock as it lay against my belly.

"I've half a mind to take advantage of you myself," she murmured, as her hand slid up her skirt to rub against the crotch of her panties. "But that's not fair on Claire, and anyway, I've got a plane to catch," she continued, removing her hand and straightening her clothes.

"Claire should be here in about 40 minutes, so it's not too long to wait. She'll be so pleased to see you! I wish I could stay to watch," she said as she pulled the cover over my naked body.

"See you on Sunday!" she called out as she shut the door, leaving me alone in the flat.

I waited in anticipation. After about 10 minutes the phone rang. It sounds daft, but it somehow sounded important. The ringing continued for some considerable time before the caller hung up. I wondered briefly who it could have been.

I looked at the clock on the bedside table: 5.30. She should be here soon, I thought, and my cock stiffened at the prospect. By 6pm she still hadn't arrived and I figured that she had probably stopped off to do some shopping. When 7pm came around, I began to wonder if this had been one of my better ideas. I tried to struggle free, but gave up after a few minutes. 8pm came, still no sign of Claire. Maybe she had decided to go for a drink or two with some friends from the office.

I began to feel drowsy, flying - especially a long trip like the one I'd just made - has this effect on me, and I dozed off. I was woken at about 11.15pm. Nearby, doors were slamming, people coming home from pubs, I guessed. Perhaps Carol would be home soon, I thought, perking up again. It'll be just as well, I thought, because I'm going to need a piss pretty soon.

Midnight came, and still no sign of Claire. I was cold, since the covers had slipped off me, and my bladder was bursting, I couldn't hold on much longer. I struggled with the handcuffs again with no more success than the last time. There was only one thing for it. I stretched as far as I could to one side of the bed and let out a long stream of steaming piss which soaked slowly into the mattress. The strong smell of urine filled my

overhearing two lads saying, “She’s Mr Brown’s wife,you know,” “Cor, is she? She’s a smasher, I bet he never leaves her alone.” ‘How wrong can you be’, I thought to myself.Over the last two months, Eric’s sex drive had reached rock bottom and there were days when I went around like a bitch in heat.

There came a lull at my stall and I was just having myself an ice when I spotted Eric coming over the grass towards me. The man he was with was a giant, he was black and I knew this was the Alf I had heard so much about. Introductions were made and my hand was lost in Alf’s huge mitt. He towered over me, six foot three with shoulders like a house-end and a chest like the proverbial barrel. The chemistry between us was electric - it was a sensation I had never before experienced. It was sheer magic. Alf is as ugly as sin, he doesn’t walk, he lumbers. Every part of his face is broken with huge cuts to his thick lips, scars down his cheeks and a massive one over his eye. His eyes are most amazing, brown, piercing and right then they were stripping me. I knew it, he knew it, and I loved it! Eric half turned away, I remembered those photos and my eyes went to his crotch. I could feel the colour rush to my cheeks, I licked my suddenly parched lips and I knew I wanted this huge, ugly black man as I’d never wanted anything in all my life.

"I could feel his spunk moving inside me."

By five o’clock the event was coming to a close, the prizes had been awarded and the work of clearing up had begun. It must have been seven before we all trooped into one of the smaller halls where drinks and a spread had been prepared. I mingled with Eric and some of his colleagues. Every now and again I would get my eye on Alf as he mingled with the kitchen staff. Our glances would meet and they would linger, my tummy was turning over in lust. I wanted those massive arms around me, I wanted that huge body on mine and longed for him between my thighs. I had my share of drink which only served to heighten my desire.

In the end it was the drink that did it. Not me so much as Eric. He has never been able to hold his liquor , a few stiff whiskies on top of an almost empty stomach and it was obvious that he was half-seas over. Mr Mason, the principal ,came up to me. “Karen, my dear,” he was saying, “I think we had better get your better half home , he’s had much too much.” “So I’ve noticed ,” I answered, “but I must be over the limit myself.” He patted my arm, “Righto dear , leave it with me,” and he went off.

Five minutes later he came back with Alf. “Alf will drive you back,” he said. I was smiling and the principal would have had a fit if he could have read my thoughts.Between the three of us we got Eric onto the rear seat of our Volvo, he was sleeping like a babe.The principal said to Alf, “Now see Mr and Mrs Brown safely home Alf . . . I think you’ll have to put Mr Brown to bed .” Under my breath I was murmuring,

DIFFERENT
Strokes

We’re all kinky up to a certain point. But that point decides whether a letter goes into our Penpower Plus pages, or whether it comes here, to Different Strokes, the section that deals with the kinkier side of sex. This is where you air your views and relate sexual experiences which are beyond the normal realm of Penpower Plus. Whether you were encased in rubber, or licked treacle from your partners feet, this section is for you. Different Strokes wants to hear from you, but we do have some ground rules, certain subjects that are, sadly, taboo. For instance, we cannot mention anal sex, sado-masochism or bondage to any great extent, I’m afraid, but anything else is fair game. Let us know what you get up to. Write to: Different Strokes, Knave, PO Box 312, Witham, Essex, CM8 3SZ.

Bondage is a tricky subject for us to cover, so it came as something of a surprise to receive such a cautionary tale from A.S., here. If you’ve ever wanted to be tied up, then read this! Or, if you have any other kinky ideas, let us know about them!

All Tied Up

I had been working in the Gulf for some months, and was eagerly awaiting the day when I was to return home on leave. A few days of screwing and drinking would do me the world of good. So you can understand my feelings when, due to a mix up in flight bookings, I was given the opportunity of returning home a couple of days earlier. And so it was that I arrived at my girlfriend’s flat at about 3:30pm one Friday afternoon. Claire, my girlfriend, was still at work, as I knew she would be, but the door was opened by her flatmate, Elaine.

“Christ, we weren’t expecting you until Sunday!” she said as she let me inside.

I explained the situation over a cup of coffee and talked about this and that. Elaine worked as a flight attendant, flying the flag, as it were, and was due to leave later that afternoon on a long haul flight with a stop-over of a day or so in the far East.

While she returned to her packing, I had another coffee and started to think of nice ways of surprising Claire when she came home later that day. In the past, we had often indulged in various bondage games, and Claire got really turned on by having me tied helplessly to the bed. Although I didn’t mind too much, on one occasion I had

it happened to ME

Wild Sperm

gentle giant. It was so erotic, white tits in black palms, pink nipples in black fingers and thumbs, a long black middle finger sliding between the puffed up lips of my wet cunt. Alf felt my moisture. “It’s been a long time for you, hasn’t it Karen?” he asked. “Too long Alf,” I gasped and a shudder ran through me as I felt that finger probe deeper.

I swung my legs across him and took his wonderful cock in one hand and rubbed his tip up and down my soaking wet love hole. Then very slowly, very deliberately, I lowered myself onto him. It was so thick, it was solid, it opened and stretched me. I took eight inches, then nine, my breath stopped. I was full of him and there were still two more inches to go. That's when he put one black hand on my buttocks and the other on my tits. His lips sucked on my nipples and I was over the top as I cried his name and he was in me up to the hilt.

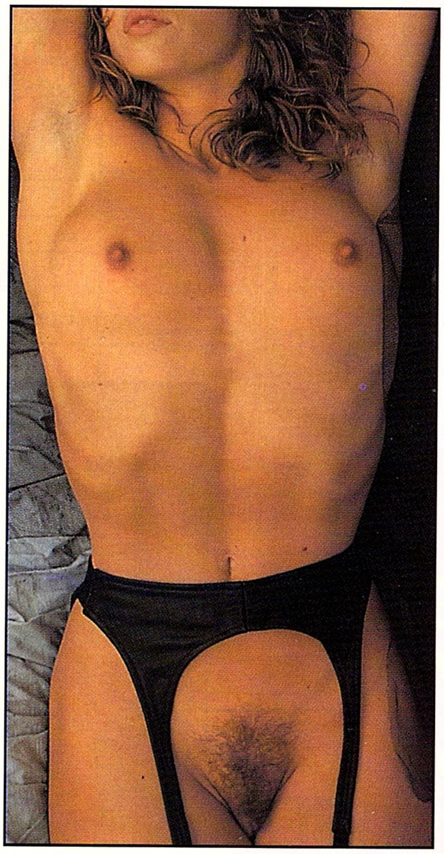
I started to ride. Each stroke seemed to be deeper, longer and more pleasurable than the one before. My pussy muscles closed, opened, tightened, gripped and slackened in a series of orgasmic spasms.

My orgasm was near, I felt it in my breasts, they were swollen with lust. There was a searing heat in my stomach and my juices were flooding out of me. I was getting hotter, there was a singing in my head and my eyes were rolling. The sweat was pouring from me, his grip on my buttocks was like a vice and he growled my name as he thrust up. I screamed and it all happened at once. My climax was incredible, everything seemed to pour from me just as that great cock began to spurt. Thick blobs of spunk filled me in an almost unending orgasm.

I collapsed over his huge chest , my cunt was overflowing with cock and spunk. I lay in his arms, content and happy beyond words, kissing his black chest and running my fingers up and down his massive body. I could feel Alf’s sperm moving inside me, it started to seep from my cunt and onto the rug. I took his cock in my fingers , it was wet with his own spunk and my own juices. I leaned over and kissed his cock and put the knob in my mouth. It had a lovely taste and was getting hard once more.

Then we loved each other with hands ,fingers , mouths and lips.It was incredible and ended with me getting down on all fours, with my bum sticking up in the air and my cunt totally exposed .Our first proper fuck was doggy-style.

He was in charge this time, the first time had been wonderful but this was much better. How do you describe the glory of it. I felt his balls slapping my thighs and I knew he was all the way up. It was incredible. Eleven inches of cock and I was taking it all. Then he was pumping me full of spunk and my own climax was on me and . . . oh what can I say !



That was six weeks ago , since then it has been fantastic. A day or two ago a friend said I was going round grinning like a Cheshire cat. I daren’t tell her about the Big Black Tom that put the grin there. - *A.L., London.*

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nostrils. Luckily, I had managed to get it away from the part of the bed where I lay.

“Where the fucking hell is she!” I cursed, unsure of just how much longer I would have to stay there. Until Elaine’s return on Sunday? I wondered. Perhaps she had gone to a nightclub, I thought, in which case she probably wouldn’t get home until about 2.30am or so.

I fell asleep again, waking at 4am. No sign of Claire. At 7am, the radio on the alarm clock came on on. She had obviously re-set it in the morning, forgetting that today was Saturday. Christ, I was hungry. I hadn’t had a bite to eat since lunch the day before, and that had only been an airline meal. I listened to the inane chatter of the early morning DJ and the latest sounds, which seemed much the same as those being played months ago when I’d left England. I listened to the latest news, the weather and the time checks until finally, at 9.30am, I heard the door open. It had been over 16 hours since Elaine had snapped shut the handcuffs.

It was only then that it dawned on me that Claire might well have been screwing around the previous night. It also occurred to me that she might not be alone now. It was going to be difficult enough explaining the situation to Claire, but with someone else there it would be a bit more than embarrassing, to say the least. The sight of me lying there bollock naked on a piss-soaked bed with my hands and feet chained to frame was not a pretty sight.

Fortunately, as the bedroom door opened, I realised that she was alone. When she first saw me, I thought she was going to scream, but after her initial shock, she stared at me in total amazement. Then, after a few seconds, Claire burst into hysterical laughter. The fact that I had pissed all over her bed seemed to amuse her even more, which wasn’t what I had expected.

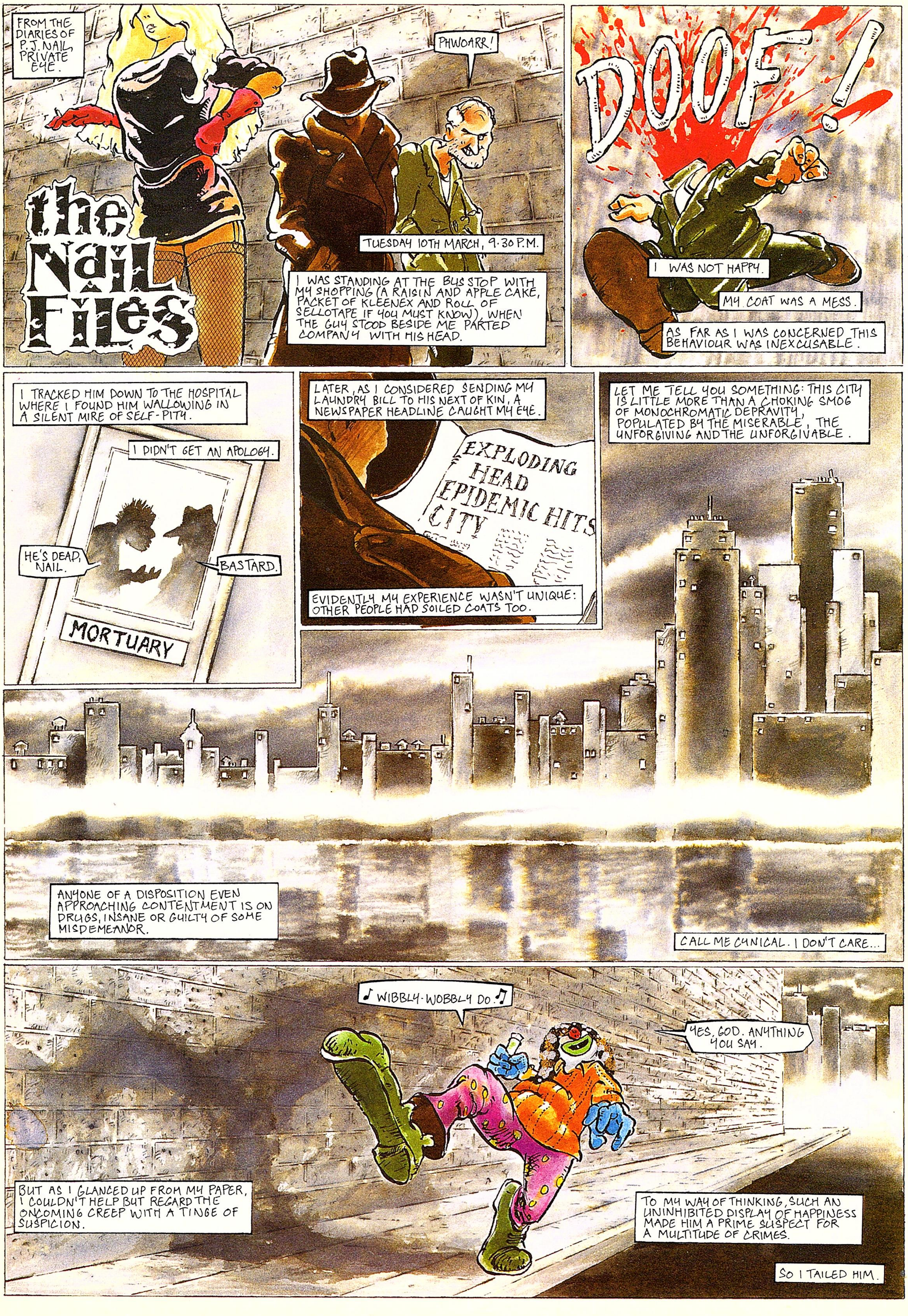
“Stop laughing for Christ’s sake, and get these bloody handcuffs off!” I demanded. She jokingly suggested she leave me to stew in my own piss for a few more hours, but seemed to take pity on me and released me.

It turned out that she had gone straight from work the previous night to visit a friend who lives some distance away and, after a few drinks, had decided to stay the night. Claire thought that had been very responsible of her, rather than drink and drive, although given my predicament I had a good reason to argue!

“Anyway, Elaine must have a memory like a sieve, because she knew that I probably wouldn’t be back last night. I’m surprised she didn’t say anything about it when she tied you up...”

“Bitch!” I spluttered, and Claire smiled at me knowingly, although I never did find out if I was set up by Elaine or not for sure.

However, after a long shower and a good breakfast, we made use of Elaine’s bed for a damn good screwing session, which helped get things back to normality. That afternoon, I took an old, urine-soaked mattress to the local dump and spent some of my hard-earned money on a new replacement. Lessons to be learnt? Well, it could have been even worse, even dangerous. In future, our bondage games will be conducted with a few more rules, not to mention a few more laughs. And I hope your readers will bear my experience in mind if they ever consider any similar activities! A.S., Somerset.


FROM THE DIARIES OF P. J. NAIL PRIVATE EYE.
the Nail Files
PHWOARR!
TUESDAY 10TH MARCH, 9.30 P.M.
I WAS STANDING AT THE BUS STOP WITH MY SHOPPING (A RAISIN AND APPLE CAKE, PACKET OF KLEENEX AND ROLL OF SELLOTAPE IF YOU MUST KNOW), WHEN THE GUY STOOD BESIDE ME PARTED COMPANY WITH HIS HEAD.
DOOF!
I WAS NOT HAPPY.
MY COAT WAS A MESS.
AS FAR AS I WAS CONCERNED THIS BEHAVIOUR WAS INEXCUSABLE.
I TRACKED HIM DOWN TO THE HOSPITAL WHERE I FOUND HIM WALLOWING IN A SILENT MIRE OF SELF-PITY.
I DIDN'T GET AN APOLOGY.
HE'S DEAD, NAIL.
BASTARD.
MORTUARY
LATER, AS I CONSIDERED SENDING MY LAUNDRY BILL TO HIS NEXT OF KIN, A NEWSPAPER HEADLINE CAUGHT MY EYE.
EXPLODING HEAD EPIDEMIC HITS CITY
EVIDENTLY MY EXPERIENCE WASN'T UNIQUE: OTHER PEOPLE HAD SOILED COATS TOO.
LET ME TELL YOU SOMETHING: THIS CITY IS LITTLE MORE THAN A CHOKING SMOG OF MONOCHROMATIC DEPRAVITY, POPULATED BY THE MISERABLE, THE UNFORGIVING AND THE UNFORGIVABLE.
ANYONE OF A DISPOSITION EVEN APPROACHING CONTENTMENT IS ON DRUGS, INSANE OR GUILTY OF SOME MISDEMEANOR.
CALL ME CYNICAL. I DON'T CARE...
♪ WIBBLY-WOBBLY DO. ♫
YES, GOD. ANYTHING YOU SAY.
BUT AS I GLANCED UP FROM MY PAPER, I COULDN'T HELP BUT REGARD THE ONCOMING CREEP WITH A TINGE OF SUSPICION.
TO MY WAY OF THINKING, SUCH AN UNINHIBITED DISPLAY OF HAPPINESS MADE HIM A PRIME SUSPECT FOR A MULTITUDE OF CRIMES.
SO I TAILED HIM.

it happened to ME

Wild Sperm

This is where you get to tell us exactly what, or who you've been up to, and how many times. This section is especially for those adventures which just won't fit in Penpower Plus, and absolutely all the letters you read here are real - the only things we change are the names and places to protect the innocent. For every sexploit printed, we'll pay a gigantic £50! So send your confessions to: I.H.T.M., Galaxy Publications, PO Box 312, Witham, Essex CM8 3SZ.

My husband Eric is a Maths lecturer in a large college a few miles away. This all came about when he arrived home after college had restarted in January with the words, "Karen, you'll never guess who has got the caretaker's job! "

What can you say to a question like that? Even when he said the man's name, 'Alf Lee', I was none the wiser, and to be honest, I wasn't all that interested when he proceeded to tell me that this 'Alf' had been one of his boyhood heroes.

> **"My bum was in the air, and my cunt was totally exposed."**

Alf had been a promising heavyweight boxer years back, but had never really made the grade for a number of reasons. He'd been badly managed, there'd been far too many hangers on, early success had gone to his head, there had been a period of wine, women and song, then a series of fights when he'd been out of his class, all shades of hell had been knocked out of him and he had gone downhill fast.

For years Eric has taken a certain Sports Magazine and a week or two later he showed me a back issue he'd hunted out and opened it at an article entitled "Where Are They Now? - This Month Alf Lee." As a younger man Alf had been a handsome fellow - ruggedly good looking, I should add, with a truly magnificent physique. The article highlighted some of the ups and downs of his career and was accompanied by a number of photographs - mainly in boxing gear. It mentioned that he had never married and there was a veiled suggestion that maybe there was some truth in certain rumours that had circulated at the time ; that he'd frightened the ladies away because of being 'abnormally well endowed in places'.

I recall my heart missing a beat or two or three when I glanced at the photos alongside the article. I went through the motions of not being all that interested, but the next morning, after Eric had gone to college, I had a much closer look. Some of those pictures had obviously been selected to emphasise what the written word could only hint at. In fact, a few of them were bordering on the obscene and it was very, very obvious that Alf had a magnificent set of cock and balls tucked away inside those trunks. For a week or two I kept having a sneaky look but eventually they were forgotten - well, almost.

Eric and I have been married for a year and he is 30 to my 22. I should mention that Alf is in his late 40s - 48 in fact. Now Eric is most kind and generous but, sad to say, the sex side of our marriage is far from ideal. He's not very well endowed and his performance is pathetic. Oh, it's lovely when he goes in, but he just cannot hold back and in the time it takes to write this he has shot his load, which leaves me high, dry and frustrated.

I met Alf for the first time in early July. It was the college Sports Day and I had been detailed to run the coconut shy. It was a glorious day with the sun splitting the trees, as they say . I was dressed accordingly in a tiny mini, lacy panties and a low-cut, off the shoulder blouse that was letting the world know I have good, firm tits. Well, if you've got them, flaunt them and what is wrong in that?

I was kept busy, not least from a lot of the people having an eyeful of what I had on display. I had a few laughs, like